VOL. CCXVI, No. 2812

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 2, 1954
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Tobacco at Its Best

Volume CCXVI No. 2812 The SPHERE, London, January 2, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN IN FIJI—HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT SUVA WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE START OF THE TWO-DAY ROYAL VISIT TO THIS ISLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS: They had crossed the Eastern Pacific in the *Gothic*, arriving in Suva on the stroke of time. The liner is seen in the background. Thousands of people from the outer islands thronged to the main island of Vitilevu to greet the Royal travellers and take part in the ancient Fijian ceremonial.

Now, in the first days of the New Year, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, having been rapturously received in Auckland, are engaged on their great tour of the North Island of New Zealand. Of necessity the camera records of the tour lag somewhat behind the printed news, although radioed pictures are coming in only a few hours after the events they depict. This picture shows the big moment for the people of Fiji when the Queen and the Duke came ashore for the first time in the South Seas. The sun blazed with torrid heat as the Royal travellers set foot on Vitilevu. From the time the party came ashore there seemed no end to the harmonious chanting, to the undertones of drums, and the gentle swaying of arms and bodies in the well-loved native dances of Fiji. The Queen's grace and simple directness without doubt caught the public imagination. Among those presented to Her Majesty in Fiji was John Christian, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, who came from isolated Pitcairn Island. (Pictures from Fiji, Tonga and New Zealand will be found on pages 4-5 and 8 of this issue.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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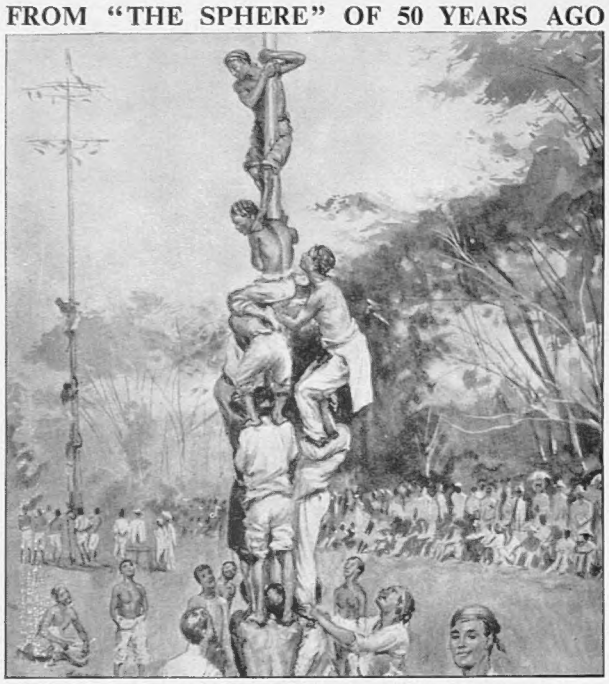
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE IN MALAYA AT THE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS: The winners in two teams coming down the greased palms, assisted by their friends "in an unconventional manner." Pole-climbing was one of the features of New Year celebrations in the Malay Peninsula. Areca palms polished with oil and wax were erected. On top of the palms were hung pieces of silk, satin, gold watches, and precious stones as prizes.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THAMES—GREATEST OF ALL WATERWAYS

By L. M. BATES

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Happy New Year.—A Happy New Year to all readers. New Year's Day is a day of hope. We usually confidently register that hope from the belief that the New Year cannot be worse than the last—a post-war habit. This year I think, in justice, we should be more generous to the dead and look back impartially and kindly on the old year, basing our optimism on continued improvement in 1954. For really 1953 wasn't so bad, as modern years go. We got our summer, after all. It began about November and was still with us in the week before Christmas. It was a right-down, regular Royal Year. The Coronation and the start of the Commonwealth tour kept the Queen and the Duke working ten-hour days in the blaze of the limelight for about eight months of the year. We achieved the impossible in building 300,000 new houses. We made some progress towards financial stability, we got a token relief in taxation. We scrapped some more controls, and knocked a few more fetters off the housewife. And the cost of living—statistically at least—did not rise. We had dreadful floods. Queen Mary died, greatly regretted, honoured and loved. Churchill fell ill and recovered and achieved his Bermuda, adding a Garter and the Nobel Prize for Literature to his blushing honours. Everest was crowned almost the same day as the Queen. The "Ashes" were regained. We flew faster. We made a small and successful attack on indecency in Press and publications.

A Balance Sheet.—Overseas, "Ike" took office, France was often without a Government, Rhodesian Federation and Buganda helped Mau Mau to trouble Africa. In another part of that wood, I recalled a picture in the spring of Neguib shaking hands with Stevenson over the happy Anglo-Egyptian agreement on Sudan's right to independence! Alas, our problems are not all settled by a handshake. Stalin died and we had hopes of a Russian change of heart. Korea dragged on. Tito paid us a visit. Mossadek went out and the Shah came in again. The Royal tour started. Bermuda took the stage without limelight and the year drew to an end with an unhappy threat of a railway strike before Christmas, barely averted, with little hope of future peace. We are so very familiar with trouble that the mixture of good and bad in 1953 seems almost palatable. Robinson Crusoe's balance-sheet methods might be used for our comfort:

EVIL: We are cast on a desolate (and still rather uncomfortable and dangerous) island, though not quite "void of all hope of recovery, and without means to resist man or beast."

GOOD: *But* we are still alive, and not drowned. And we are not starved.

Come, it might be worse. In fact, 1953 was rather a bright year and perhaps 1954 will continue the movement. We hope so, with modified confidence.

Peace in Industry?—Modified our hopes of happiness must be. For in our domestic affairs the state of the industrial front is all-important, and it looks as if before January ends there will be activity of a dangerous kind on that front. The railway settlement—the Christmas truce—was no settlement for the railways or for any other powerful industry with pending claims. On the contrary, the settlement was unilateral, a cheque and a promissory note paid to the Union which threatened the strike. Every union is entitled to use that weapon constitutionally, and the N.U.R. has obvious grievances which can be adjusted. But claims for higher wages depend not on what the worker can live on in decency and without grievance only, but also on what his industry can afford to pay him. If he works to serve the public, that last depends on what the public can afford to pay for his services. If he turns out goods, on the markets available for his goods at the price he offers them. That railway cheque and promissory note must very early in 1954 be presented on the counter and the success of the threatened strike must be a handsome encouragement to other big claims pending. The engineers will still press, and more confidently as a result of their own strike, towards their 15 per cent. increase. The miners will again press the case for their day-wage men, already rejected by the N.C.B. And the building unions have now increased their demand for 6d. an hour, rejected last August, by another all-round increase of 3d. an hour. All these claims will be he of before January is half over. It looks certain t the Government will be anxiously engaged before holidays are over and the public plunged into anxieties and stresses. The problems of the cos living, of what our basic industries can afford, equity in the wage rates of comparable key-me comparable industries, are bound up in a survey national wage structures and make that surve task for supermen. Some day all concerned grasp the painful nettle. The nation must cut coat to its cloth.

Sir Alan Lascelles.—After ten ye faithful and highly successful service to the Monar as Private Secretary to the Sovereign, Sir A Lascelles has retired. His service in the Royal H began in 1920, when he became Assistant Priv Secretary to the then Prince of Wales. He left 1929 and soon after went to Canada as secretary Lord Bessborough. He returned to the Palace 1935 as Assistant Private Secretary to George V succeeded Lord Hardinge as Principal in 1943. brought to this very personal and yet constitution important office the essential virtues and charac istics of patience, self-discipline, impartiality, cla of mind, tact, discretion, selflessness, and organi ability of a high order, with a sense of humour proportion and considerable literary ability and torical knowledge; and he retires in the knowle that his services and his qualities have been appreciated by all most closely concerned with office. If the rewards of this "trusty servant" many and dazzling, the demands made on him, and qualities he must possess, justify them. It is a d cation to impersonal, anonymous service, leaving l room for family life or for social and outside inter and as for the Sovereigns he served, it is an all-the-y round job, an all-the-day-long job, lacking only continuous limelight. Sir Alan Lascelles will be n bered among the greatest of the small list of Pri Secretaries, all of them distinguished or able

READY FOR THE COMING WINTER'S SPORT

SWITZERLAND'S LEADING SKI INSTRUCTORS: From left—Heinz von Allmen, Wengen; Dr. Adolf Odermatt (Engelberg); David Zogg (Arosa); W Steiner (Unterwasser); Alex Gentinetta (Crans) and Rudolf Rominger Moritz). These Swiss ski instructors for the coming season are pictured Kleine Scheidegg, below the glacier-covered slopes of the Jungfrau. Each them runs his own ski school in winter. During the summer, they varied occupations. Some are hotel-keepers, some tennis instructors, one runs a sports shop and another is employed as mountain guide and hu

Mr. Dulles' Pistol.—Before one presen pistol at the head of an aggressor, it is wise to be that it is loaded in every chamber, even if the sa catch is on. You don't want to shoot if your b succeeds, but if the aggressor calls your bluff, need your answer pat. Cross-examination is a ter fellow for calling a bluff and exposing a weak h We see it in the Law Courts and nowadays at P conferences. The public man, who gives these han to the Press, must choose his words with infinite c so that, if necessary, they can mean anything, twisted to answer any awkward question. Mr. Du may well have found his patience exhausted by delays in ratification of the E.D.C. treaties. A t comes when even 100 per cent. generosity has enough. The trouble is that it is possible to ar that self-interest enters into even the purest virt The exercise of them gives a glow of virtue to the gi That, I think, is casuistry. But it does someti happen that great generosity pays both donor donee. Mr. Dulles' pistol in Paris was not fully pri He didn't know "all the answers." The Press Q made him contradict himself, and he had no ans

o some of their questions. E.D.C. was not his idea or America's. It was France's idea, and it was up to France to implement its ideals. If they didn't, and pretty soon, America would have to think again. But n what direction Mr. Dulles clearly did not know? Her country had already promised not to withdraw the legions, but it was asking too much of America to pledge itself to maintain a system of defence for decades ahead which might be militarily obsolete in two decades. But that is what the Treaty asks of France. None the less, my sympathy drops in the scales on the side of America and Dulles. The French are older in diplomacy, but they haven't cut much ce since 1919.

T.V.—The House of Commons ideally is a demo-ratic people's forum to which each constituency sends its elected voice and ears. It often seems to me a pity that we know so little about its mysteries. Its rules and procedure are only fully understood by Members of long standing. Its attitude to, and actions on, particular issues are very imponderable and hard to forecast. T.V. has proved a highly explosive issue and the two-day debate was once talked-out by some obscurity of procedure. But not before passions had been roused by the importance attached to the subject and not by the unfortunate accident. That is odd. We usually find that great impending issues are not appreciated in good time by the House. World wars, for example. They are apt to come upon us when Parliament is wholly engaged in some domestic squabble, and then in their early stages Parliament must scramble with expedients and rush-legislation. But T.V. has cast an unexpectedly deep shadow before. Perhaps the advance in flying has warned our Members of the probably swift advance in television technique also. "Only the other day," 100 m.p.h. was fast flying. Two years hence television may have transformed social life for better or worse. It may have become the only books we read, the only theatres we visit, the only sport we watch, the only voice we listen to. That is terrifying, and since both sides of the House have timeously (for once) looked ahead and seen its potentialities, I confess that I should be happier if legislation to control it could be based on agreement and the findings of a Round Table Conference, so that whatever the present Parliament decides for it by legislation, should have the endorsement of future Governments and not become a matter of scrambling and unscrambling.

"omething in the City."—The "City" is a t respectable place and stockbrokers, who are the ants and agents of ignorant people like you and when we convert a few savings certificates into vernment Bonds, are worthy, honourable men. Accordingly, it is hard on the City and on stock-brok that any smear should attach to their reputations henever the emperors of finance or the get-rich- k fraternity bring their struggles for control of sh -holding, or other major campaigns to make fortu s, into the limelight. It is hard on the City, but i s atural. "Something in the City" is a label which fo centuries has covered all sorts of activities, and y and I, who know the City only as a slow appr to the Eastern Counties, are apt to imagine that City men get rich sometimes at the expense of poor norant small investors. Sometimes no doubt , but these men are usually "something n th and not members of established houses and certainly not servants of the investing public. They are always or nearly from the first hated and shunned by responsible businesses, who see them for what they are, the most dangerous handle to anti-capitalist propagandists, and the most certain instruments for a smear-attack on an honest and hard-working profession. If we allow ourselves to be drawn into that smear attack, we may perhaps in honesty admit jealousy. If only we had been "in the know" and in touch with the City, we might have made a packet recently in stagging and getting cleverly out of shares boomed in a struggle of giants. Some did. Some more got stung, no doubt.

'The Three R's"—New Style.—A correspondent sent me the following from Bishop Auckland: "After hearing a report from the County's Organisers of Physical Education, Durham Education Committee has decided that leave of absence with pay should be given to a maximum of forty teachers from an area to enable them to attend a two-day course on Association Football. In September a coaching course was held at the School of Agriculture, Houghall, for grammar school boys, and it was so successful that the committee promised to consider further similar courses. However, the organisers reported that the English Schools Football Association was not in favour of selected boys being taught by outside coaches." "At the same time," they went on, "it seems very desirable that we should take advantage of the excellent ideas on teaching and coaching that these recognised experts have to offer, and which are provided free of charge. It is suggested that the same end can be achieved by a concentrated and overall training of teachers in the arts of the game to enable them to pass on their acquired knowledge to the pupils in their charge. One course has already been carried out for primary and modern school teachers in Stanley and Chester-le-Street areas. Permission is therefore sought to organise courses on a regional and divisional basis." He suggested timidly that "the three R's" were old-fashioned and that to-day the F's have it, and that two of them are football and films. I haven't the moral courage to back him up. It might increase my "fan-mail" if I did so.

THE OLD STAGER

A FRENCH TRAWLER RUNS AGROUND OFF MARGATE

THE MARGATE LIFEBOAT TOWS THE DISTRESSED VESSEL TO HARBOUR: The French fishing trawler is seen with the lifeboat that had been launched to go to her aid. During thick early-morning fog off the Kentish coast, the trawler ran aground near Foreness Point, Cliftonville. Two members of the crew jumped overboard into the shallow water and walked ashore to report their plight to the authorities. Immediately Margate coastguards carried breeches-buoy life-saving apparatus to the cliff-top, which overlooked the stranded vessel. At the same time the Margate lifeboat was launched, and lay a few hundred yards away from the ship until the flood-tide, later in the day, enabled her to go to the trawler's assistance. The lifeboat then towed her into Ramsgate harbour. There were no casualties, and no damage to either the lifeboat or the trawler was reported.

FATHER CHRISTMAS BECOMES MECHANISED

A CONVENTIONAL CHRISTMAS FIGURE IN AN UNCONVENTIONAL TRANSPORT: Father Christmas is seen being lowered from the helicopter, carrying a Christmas-tree and a sack of presents, on to a small boat that took him to the North Goodwin lightship. The visit was organised by the people of Ramsgate, and carried out with the help of the 66th Air-Rescue Squadron of the United States Air Force, who supplied the helicopter. It was originally planned that the helicopter should land on the lightship, but weather conditions were not favourable, so Father Christmas was lowered on to the boat and then ferried to the ship. There he distributed presents, which had been given by the people of Ramsgate, to the men who will spend Christmas Day on board the lightship seven miles off shore. After his visit, Father Christmas was hauled on to the helicopter and flown back to Ramsgate. A helicopter, very much a maid-of-all-work on land and sea these days, was responsible in 1948 for delivering food to the Wolf Rock lighthouse after the keepers had been marooned for 27 days by bad weather.

THE HAPPIEST PICTURE OF THE ROYAL TOUR TAKEN TO DATE: While the Duke of Edinburgh studies the programme, the Queen turns with a broad smile to Sir Garvey, the Governor of Fiji, to comment upon the great welcome in Albert Park, Suva, where the Royal tourists received the Fijian chiefs who, in tra fashion, presented the Queen with whales teeth, the ceremonial symbols of Fiji. All the ancient rites of welcome, which have come down the centuries, were at Albert Park, representative groups of singers and dancers going through their measured ritual to the beat of drums. The most dramatic event was the spear

WITH THE ROYAL TRAVELLER IN FIJI AND TONGA

The Queen and the Duke Visit the Islands of the South Seas, There to Receive a Rapturous Welcome from the Native Peoples

ADI HAD A MISSION TO FULFIL: Adi Mei Kainona, daughter of Major Ratu Penaia Ganialau, waiting with a sergeant of the Fijian Police to present a bouquet of flowers to the Queen. When her big moment came she did this in Fijian fashion by sitting down and clapping twice before presenting the flowers. This is the Fijian curtsey.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LEAVE THE DAIS IN ALBERT PARK AFTER RECEIVING THE ENTH GREETING OF THE CHIEFS: The Duke was in naval tropical uniform and Her Majesty lemon yellow frock with a white petal hat. The pace of the Royal engagements in made leisurely, owing to the great heat, but, even so, a great deal was accom

KING THEIR WAY UP THE STEPS OF THE BAMBOO DAIS IN ALBERT PARK, SUVA : In this large open space in the middle of the capital the Royal travellers met the assembled Fijian chiefs and their ladies. Part of the great crowd can be seen gathered under the palm-trees in the background. The Queen received an offering of slaughtered pigs, some of which were taken aboard the *Gothic*. The rest were distributed among the populace.

NG A FIJIAN COCKTAIL FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE : Fijians making kava, which the Royal travellers were asked to drink from coconut shells. Kava, which has a taste like liquorice and is said to have a great social and symbolic significance among the people, is an acquired taste. The Queen took hers first and watched smilingly when the Duke's turn came.

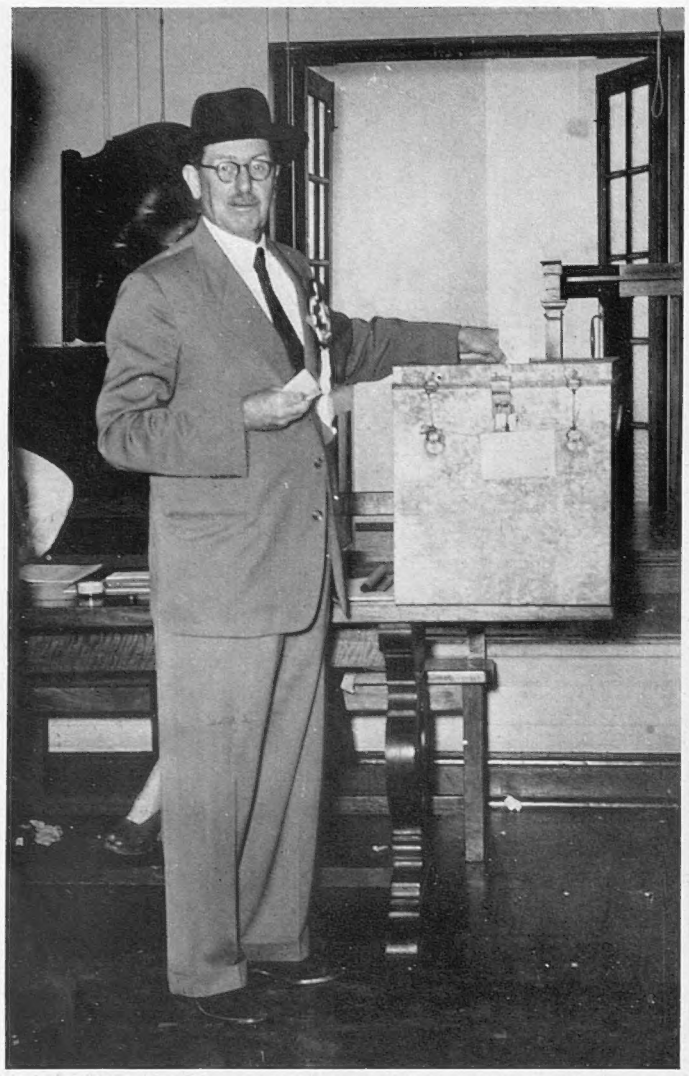
THIS WAS THE GREAT DAY FOR WHICH SALOTE WAITED : The Queen of Tonga greeting Queen Elizabeth II. as she came ashore after the 500-mile flight from Fiji. The visit was originally planned for half-a-day, but the Queen extended it by making this flight.

E HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TONGA VISIT : *Left* Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II leaving the wharf at Tonga accompanied by Queen Salote. *Right*—Queen Elizabeth II, Queen Salote and the Duke at the feast at which they were regaled with sucking pig, chicken, lobster, crab, water-melon and breadfruit pudding. The two Queens sat side by side on cushions and both ate with their fingers. Afterwards Crown Prince Tungi, Queen Salote's eldest son, spoke an address of welcome.

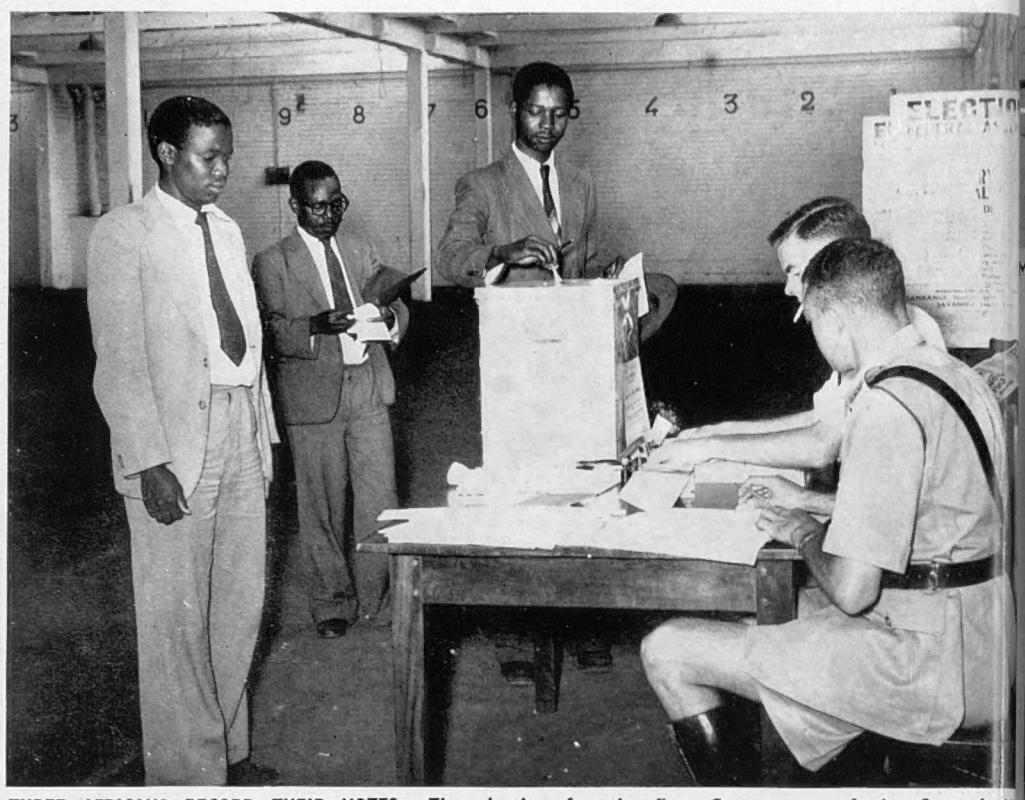
The World's News in Pictures

THE ELECTION IN THE CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION

And Other Recent Events on Three Continents



SIR GODFREY HUGGINS AT THE POLLS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA : The interim Prime Minister of the Federal Government of Central Africa casting his vote in his constituency in Salisbury Suburbs.



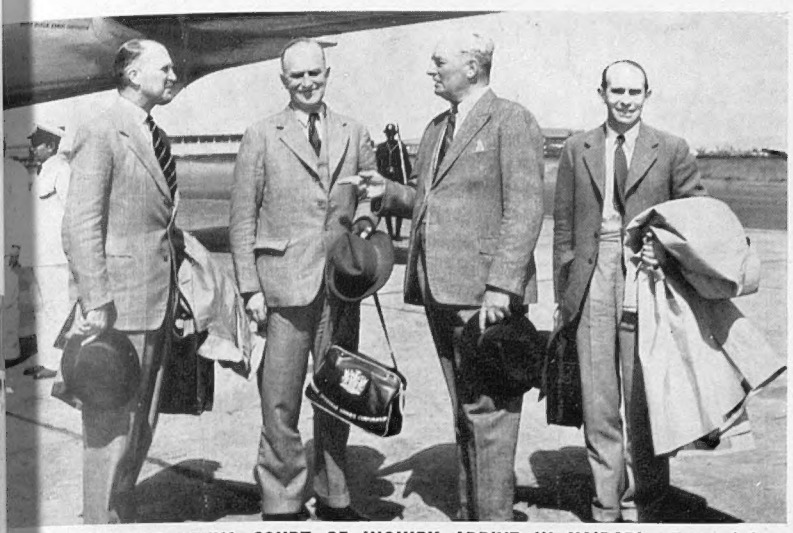
THREE AFRICANS RECORD THEIR VOTES : The election for the first Government of the Central Af Federation resulted in a clear-cut victory for Sir Godfrey Huggins' Federal Party. Of the 6 electors in Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland some 400 are Africans. Many fa had to motor between 30 and 40 miles to the polls, and one el man cycled 35 miles to record his vote. As a result of the elec Sir Godfrey Huggins, who was interim Prime Minister, is confirme office with his party. The Federal Party gained 24 of the 26 for elected members in the Federal Parliament. In addition, are six African members, and three members who have been el or nominated to represent African interests. The first Fe Parliament will meet on February 2, and will be officially opene the Governor-General, Lord Llewellin, the following day.

On left—

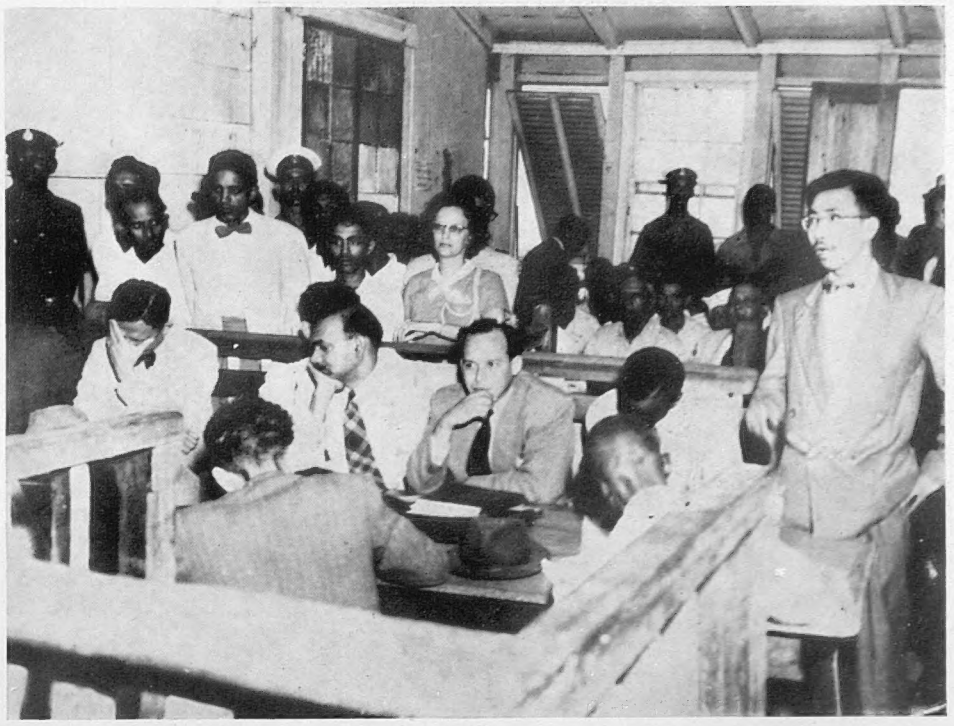
THE FIRST NON-STOP HELICOPTER FLIGHT FROM BRUSSELS TO PA A Sikorsky helicopter coming in to land on the Esplanade des Inva in Paris. It had arrived from Brussels carrying four passenger the first non-stop helicopter flight between the two capitals. journey, which was arranged by Sabena Airlines, took 1 hr. 55 m

A HELICOPTER ON A MISSION OF MERCY IN MALTA : While the wreckage of a crashed plane was still burning, a helicopter appeared on the scene, bringing naval doctors. The aircraft, an R.A.F. Valetta, was on a testing flight over Malta when it crashed very near the island's biggest beer factory. One member of the crew of five was killed, but the others managed to jump clear as the aircraft disintegrated. The Valetta was the personal plane of Admiral Viscount Mountbatten.

MUSIC WHILE YOU GO TO WORK : In a Milan tram strap-han passengers are now entertained while standing. By pulling straps music-boxes are operated, which pour forth orchestral m crooning and advertising slogans. This entertainment comes tape-recordings. Music and advertising in trams and other p transport has for long been a feature of American life. On Milan trams one can, presumably, use the rail instead of the st

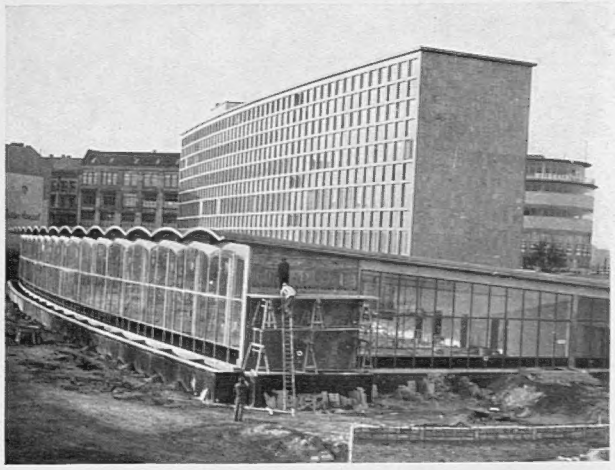


MEMBERS OF THE KENYA COURT OF INQUIRY ARRIVE IN NAIROBI : From left—Colonel G. A. Rimbault, Lieut.-General Sir Kenneth McLean, General Sir George Erskine and Colonel G. Barratt. General McLean and Colonel Barratt had just arrived in Nairobi by air from England to sit on the court of inquiry on allegations made at the court-martial of Captain G. S. L. Griffiths last month. Colonel Rimbault, who was already in East Africa, is the third member of the court. General Erskine, C.-in-C. East Africa, had ordered the inquiry after allegations at the court-martial that cash rewards were being offered to British troops for killing Mau Mau terrorists.



MRS. JANET JAGAN IN THE MAGISTRATE'S COURT IN GEORGETOWN : The wife of the deposed Prime Minister of British Guiana and Secretary of the People's Progressive Party with some of the other nine defendants at the Magistrate's Court. On right Mr. Rudy Luck, a barrister who is representing the accused, and who is also stated to be a member of the P.P.S., argues a point with the magistrate. Mrs. Jagan and the other defendants are accused of infringing the emergency regulations by holding a meeting without police permission. They pleaded not guilty. Pandit S. Misir, District Secretary of the P.P.S., seen with Mrs. Jagan, wearing a bow tie, said that the " meeting " was an Indian religious ceremony conducted by him. Mrs. Jagan, in evidence, denied that she was a member of the Communist Party.

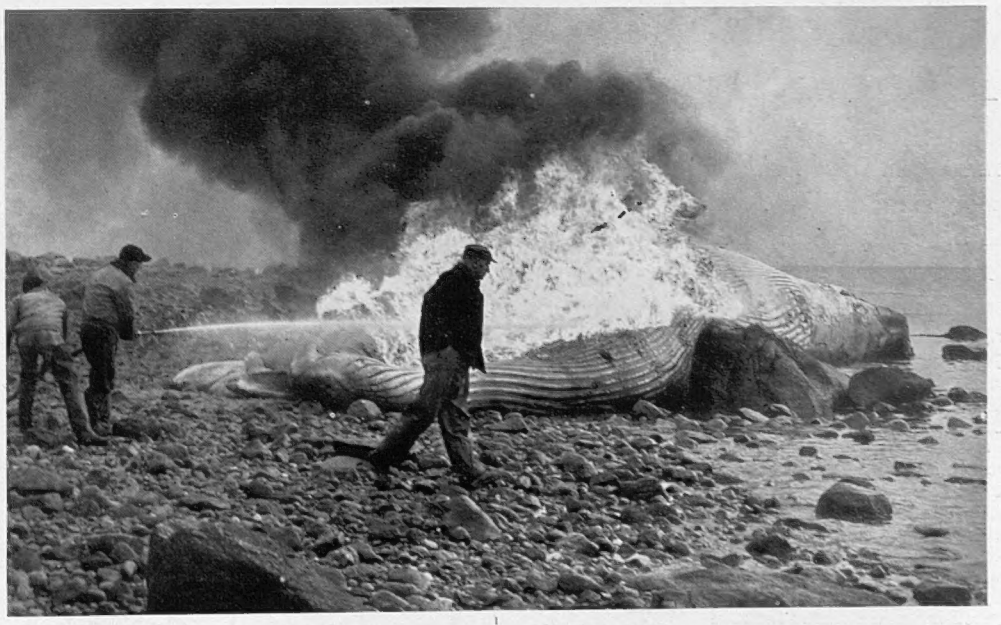
USES FOR SWEDISH NURSES : These new houses in a Stockholm suburb are part of the accommodation ersonnel at a near-by hospital. Each house is three or four storeys high, and contains ten one-room . These rooms are fan-shaped, and each of them leads on to a central circular staircase. The houses, are an entirely new development in Swedish building, are being painted in different colours.



THE FINE NEW LIBRARY IN BERLIN WHICH WILL BE OPENED IN SPRING : In Berlin's Blücherplatz this large modern building is now nearing completion. What is claimed to be the most modern library building in Europe will house about 600,000 books when it is opened in the spring. The building of the central library has been made possible by an American gift to the City of Berlin of £461,250.

On left—

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA AT A HYDRO-ELECTRIC STATION NEAR ADDIS ABABA : Haile Selassie starting the new 4,200-h.p. turbo-alternator at the Italian-built hydro-electric power station twenty miles south of the Ethiopian capital. On the extreme left is the Empress Menen, and next to the Emperor is the station's chief engineer.



Above—

THE WHALE THAT WOULD NOT BURN : Rubber tyres soaked in kerosene burn gaily on the shore at Manomet, Massachusetts. The tyres had been piled on top of the carcass of a whale which was washed up on the local beach. Unfortunately the whale refused to catch fire, and the authorities had to think up new means of disposal.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLOUGHBY NORRIE—AND LADY NORRIE ON ARRIVAL AT AUCKLAND ON DECEMBER 23: The Queen is seen shaking hands with Lady Norrie. Two thousand yachts and small craft had lined the Rangitoto Channel as the *Gothic* approached Auckland. When the liner steamed into the Central Wharf a light rain was falling, and this increased steadily during the subsequent receptions. The streets of Auckland were packed with visitors who sent up a tremendous cheer when a Royal salute boomed across the harbour to announce the *Gothic's* arrival. On three occasions during the day the Queen braved the rain, first on landing, later at the Town Hall, and again at a garden party, acting as if there was perfect sunshine instead of a persistent drizzle. Before landing, the Queen sent a message to the Prime Minister, Mr. Holland, declaring: "As our ship approaches we both look forward with ever-growing eagerness to our first meeting with my people of New Zealand."

THE QUEEN at AUCKLAND

Arriving with the Duke of Edinburgh in the North Island at the Start of the Thirty-nine-Day New Zealand Tour

On right—

ON THE RAIN-LASHED DAIS OF THE TOWN HALL THE QUEEN SHOWS HERSELF TO THE PEOPLE OF AUCKLAND: When the Queen moved on to this open dais in front of the Town Hall there were shouts from the crowd, "Give her an umbrella." Mr. Holland, the Prime Minister, who is seen standing on the left, then placed a plastic raincoat round the Queen's shoulders. A few minutes later the Queen stepped forward without the raincoat, and thanked the people for their whole-hearted welcome. Later Her Majesty met 600 old people in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall, and then drove through thronged streets to Government House, where a section of the crowd broke through the barriers and closed, cheering, round the car.

NORTH ISLAND HALTING PLACES on the ROYAL TOUR

Where the Queen and the Duke Will Stay During the First Part of Their Visit to New Zealand

LAKE ROTOITI AND MOOSE LODGE FROM THE AIR: From to-morrow, Sunday, January 3, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will spend three days at this holiday home of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cole, of Auckland. On the shore of Lake Rotoiti and in the famous Rotorua thermal district, Moose Lodge has ideal swimming facilities in lake waters and near by are hot sulphur baths. There is excellent fishing.

THE BREAKFAST ROOM ADJOINING THE PRIVATE SUITE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON: The Royal travellers will arrive in New Zealand's capital on January 9, and throughout their stay they will be accommodated at Government House. This small room, with its northern view across lawns and gardens, is a quiet, sunny retreat where the Queen and the Duke will breakfast together privately.

THE ENTRANCE TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON: There have been three Government Houses, the first having been erected and occupied by Colonel Wakefield of the New Zealand Company.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON: Edward Halliday's portrait of the Queen stands above the mantelpiece and below it are two lustre candlesticks once owned by Captain Cook. The colour scheme of the room is in pale green, with ivory chintzes and brocades.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON—THE SMOKING-ROOM AND THE PANELLED DINING-ROOM: Sporting pictures by Ben Marshall and George Stubbs adorn the walls of the smoking-room, which has spacious armchairs. The dining-room is seen laid for a State banquet. Paintings of former sovereigns of England look down from the walls. The tapestry dining-chairs, bearing colourful coats-of-arms, were embroidered by New Zealand women and presented to Government House.

IT WAS THE FESTIVE SEASON

CHRISTMASTIDE SCENES IN LONDON AND EDINBURGH

CHRISTMASTIDE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE THE SPECIAL CORONATION YEAR APPEAL WAS DUE TO CLOSE ON DECEMBER 31: The scene along the north side of the Abbey, showing some of the twenty illuminated Christmas-trees and floodlit stained-glass windows (*see below*). The display was arranged to stimulate a final response for the Save-the-Abbey campaign. The appeal for £1,000,000 for urgent repairs to the Abbey and other requirements was expected to pass the £750,000 mark by Christmas. Although the appeal is now officially closed, outstanding contributions are continuing to arrive, especially from overseas.

AROLS BY CANDLELIGHT IN A LONDON CHURCH: There was a special service at St. Paul's, Kensington, where the choir sang a selection of Christmas music by candlelight. Beside the pulpit on the left stood a gaily-decorated Christmas tree. About the only church furnishing not decorated with candles was the altar.

On right—

HE CHRISTMASTIDE SCENE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE WHICH HAS NOW BECOME A TRADITIONAL SIGHT IN LONDON: Crowds gathered round the illuminated tree, the lights of which were switched on during the week-end before Christmas. Each evening during Christmas week there was carol singing round the tree. This is the seventh year that the Norwegian tree has added to the gaiety of London at Christmas-time, a symbol of Norwegian goodwill and a reminder of Norway's co-operation in the years of peril.

elow—

DANISH GIFT TO EDINBURGH: Citizens of the Scottish capital gathered at the Mound when the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, switched on the illuminations on the Christmas-tree presented to Edinburgh by the St. Andrew's Society of Denmark.

ONE OF THE TWO TREES PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Two Christ's Hospital boys, Christopher Hammock, of Salisbury (left), and Michael Luther, of Basingstoke, gaze up at the tree outside the West door.

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THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

The Mysterious Yeti of the Himalayan Peaks, which is Even Now the Object of an Expedition Organised by a London Newspaper

By HUGH MERRICK

DURING the first Everest Reconnaissance in 1921 Colonel C. K. Howard Bury came upon a set of unidentified tracks, "like those of a human being," in the snow near the Lakhpa La, almost 22,000 ft. up on the northern flanks of Everest. The Sherpas, with some awe, immediately expounded the theory of the "Yeti"—a fierce, hairy creature, half-beast, half-man, about the size of a human being, who dwells among the high snows, descending from time to time on death-dealing forays into the deep valleys at their feet. Further inquiry proved this monster to be a well-established legend throughout the Himalaya, and that its other names were Mirka, Migo, Kang-Mi and—a more precise version—Metch Kang-Mi.

While Kang-Mi in Tibetan means Snow Man pure and simple, the addition of the epithet Metch immediately disposes of some of the purity. For in Tibet, where there is no excessive emphasis on matters of daily hygiene, the word "Metch" is reserved for anything so outrageously unwashed that its offence is rank and smells to heaven. The translator, fumbling for a word, was momentarily visited by the hand of genius—and so the "Abominable Snowman" was born.

For most people, as for the Sherpas in those early days, when comparatively few climbers or explorers had yet taken to wandering about the high Himalayan snows, the image conjured up by the phrase was one of some fierce, malevolent, supernatural creature, living permanently above the snow-line and liable to deal out swift and savage vengeance on any rash mortal who might intrude into his private domain among the glaciers and great snow-peaks. It should, however, be remembered that the Sherpas were, like most mountain-dwelling peasants, extremely superstitious—as, indeed, they still are—and, until trained and led by European climbers to the high standard reached by the skilled climber-porters we know as the Everest "Tigers," living in perpetual awe of the demons which they believed to inhabit the unknown wildernesses of snow and ice above their valley homes.

The Western reader, for the most part unaware that "abominable" might perhaps have been more strictly rendered "intolerable," may be excused for having at first linked the picturesque name with the romantic legend; but he should at least know that, however much remains shrouded in mystery, quite a solid mass of fact has now been established about the remarkable tracks so astonishingly found, over the years since 1921, in the snow at great altitudes, far from the normal haunts of animals, and also about the makers of at least some of them.

For since Howard Bury's sensational discovery, there have been numerous reports, mostly of tracks seen without their originators, but also, on occasions, of tracks and makers together.

In 1925 A. N. Tombazi, camping on a slope above a glacier in Sikkim, actually saw, on being called from his tent by the excited cries of his Sherpas, a "creature" whose silhouette against the snow he described as like that of a human being, which stooped from time to time to pluck roots, not more than 300 yards from the tent. He refused, however, to commit himself as to its precise nature.

In 1937 Tilman saw tracks on the Biafo Glacier in the Karakorums, at a height of 19,000 ft., in an area where there were certainly no bears, and probably no animal life of any kind, within many miles: and in 1938 he again saw similar tracks in the Himalaya proper.

E. B. Beauman saw them, too, in the Central Himalaya and, far to the east, in the Salween area, Ronald Kaulback, at 16,000 ft., came upon five sets of tracks, which experts at the Natural History Museum in London attributed with some confidence to the Great Panda (*Ailurus fulgens*), commenting only that it was surprisingly high for this animal to go.

In the same year, Colonel Hunt discovered a double line of tracks near the Zemu Gap, about 19,000 ft., in the same region, close to Kangchenjunga, where Tombazi had seen his "creature." At the time he attributed these to the presence of a German climbing party, whom he knew to be in the neighbourhood, and was faintly annoyed at having been forestalled: later he learned that the Germans had never gone in that direction.

In Garwhal, hundreds of miles to the west, the late Frank Smythe saw tracks at about 16,500 ft. during the same year; but he was able to prove "beyond reasonable doubt," with the help of "eminent zoologists," that his set were bear-tracks. So that it would seem established for the first time on that occasion that bears, at least, do roam about above the snow-line at these altitudes.

More recently, during the 1951 Everest Reconnaissance, Eric Shipton found and photographed perfect and very large examples of these strange footprints at 19,000 ft. The pictures were reproduced in *The Times* and elsewhere, and the Natural History Museum experts once again had no difficulty in identifying the footprints, this time as those of the Great Langur Ape (*Presbytis entellus achilles*), though an unusually large one.

But the most illuminating evidence of all would seem to be the amazing experience in 1948 of two Norwegians, Thorberg and Frostis, engineering doctors of Oslo University, engaged on a survey of the Zemu Glacier region on behalf of the Indian Government. They, with two Hindus and one Sherpa attached to them, followed a double line of trails, which they woke to find circling their camp one morning, and not only succeeded in sighting the originators, but the Norwegians, travelling on ski, managed to get on either side of the two creatures at close quarters. This was just below the Zemu Gap (19,000 ft.), where tracks have so often been observed before. All five men, including the Sherpa, who had been very worried till given a good look through the binoculars, seemed to have agreed absolutely that they were dealing with large apes.

The sequel was remarkable; though it may be felt a great opportunity was lost of settling the Snow Man mystery once for all and so saving the trouble and expense of highly-organised scientific expeditions in future. Frostis, seeing that the animals were preparing to defend themselves with every sign of hostility, was just going to shoot, when Thorberg, conceiving the somewhat light-hearted design of lassoing a specimen (and presumably leading it from the top of the Himalaya some hundreds of miles to the nearest zoo) signalled to him to hold his fire. His quarry, however, merely seized the noose and jerked it deftly away: while its companion simultaneously hurled itself on Frostis, knocked him over and began to savage the prostrate man, who was unable to rise, encumbered as he was by ski. Thorberg promptly fired a shot at the other one and, startled by the reverberations, both animals made off, leaving a bloody trail behind them in the snow; the party was, however, too busy attending to its casualty, who had received a serious bite in the shoulder, to pursue them. It took the whole day to carry the injured man down to camp; and the long journey down to Lachen, and thence to hospital in Darjeeling on foot, was a painful one, though the worst consequences of a badly-poisoned wound were fortunately kept in check with penicillin.

This evidence, which it would seem difficult to reject in view of the standing and numbers of those involved, is reported and discussed at length in the revised version of *Zum Dritten Pol* (*The Third Pole*), the authoritative Himalayan history and reference book compiled by that great climber and explorer, Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth, which is to appear in English next summer.

Finally, the same authority makes the interesting point that, on the Nepalese ¼-in. Customs map, the Nuptse-Lhotse Range of the Everest Group has always borne the name of "Mahalangur-Himal," or precisely the "Great Langur Snow Mountain Range"—at the least a very odd coincidence!

To sum up, then. Tracks have, on numerous occasions been seen and photographed in lonely glacier tracts above the snow-line, up to very great heights indeed, by most reliable observers; but these tracks have not consistently been of one type, suggesting that they have invariably been made by one unidentified or unidentifiable creature—call him, if you like, a Snow Man. On the contrary, they have varied considerably both in formation and size; they have also been at times identified, with a reasonable degree of authority, as the tracks of bears (Smythe was convinced about his set), at another time as panda tracks, and at another as those of langur apes—all of which species are known to inhabit the foothills of various Himalayan regions.

Quite apart from the unaccompanied tracks, "creatures" responsible for them have also actually been observed—it is true, on far fewer occasions—above the snow-line. Where the description has been vague, it has not differed perceptibly from that of similar creatures which the Sherpas have frequently seen and described below the snow-line—the "Yeti" or Snow Man, which is always reported as being about the size of a medium-sized man, having long shaggy fur and eyebrows, a smooth, hairless, reddish face, and walking, at least at times, erect. It may perhaps be thought that this would be a tolerably accurate description of a Great Langur Ape: moreover, it tallies admirably with that given by Tombazi of the "creature" he saw in 1925 near the Zemu Glacier. Further, on the one occasion when the "creatures" were viewed at quarters rather too close for comfort, by the Norwegians and their assistants—if only the camera or the gun had been accurately used then, and not an improvised lasso!—everybody (including a Sherpa, who would probably be prejudiced in favour of the supernatural) seems to have been perfectly agreed that they were looking at very large apes.

On the whole, then, it seems impossible to doubt that bears, apes and pandas, whatever their purpose and whatever they live on while so doing, go up from their normal haunts into the high snows, crossing glaciers and high glacier-passes. So the diversity of tracks reported at various places and times seem well-accounted for by natural, if surprising and interesting, phenomena.

While it is always possible that there is also a supernatural explanation—the world would, after all, be a poorer place if the Snow Man were entirely thawed away by the hot sunshine of reason—it may, perhaps, be doubted whether any scientific expedition, however highly organised and equipped, sent out to solve the "mystery," can expect to bring back more than the skin, scalp, photograph, or fully-documented treatise on the habits of one or more of the hardy, fur-coated, mountaineering beasts to which the tracks have already been attributed.

THE TRACKS OF THE YETI THROUGH HIMALAYAN SNOWS: These footprints of the Abominable Snowman were recorded by members of Shipton's reconnaissance expedition to Everest in 1951. *Inset at top* is one of the footprints, shown with an ice-axe beside it. In general, the tracks were distorted and enlarged by melting, but the imprints were in some cases very well preserved and the form of the foot could be seen in detail.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC WITHOUT A RUDDER

A VAIN ATTEMPT TO REPAIR THE RUDDER OF THE NORWEGIAN LINER "STAVANGERFJORD": Members of the crew are seen helping in the operation in mid-Atlantic shortly after the liner had lost her rudder in a storm 360 nautical miles from the nearest North American harbour. The liner was en route from New York to Oslo and was carrying 644 passengers. Two days after the rudder had broken loose another ship belonging to the same Company arrived on the scene and a tow-line was secured between the two ships. This did not last very long, however, for new gales soon snapped the line, and Captain Olaf Bjoernstad had to decide to carry on alone. This he did by steering with twin propellers and making about 14,000 turning manœuvres during the rest of the voyage. This is the number of manœuvres usually made during six years' service, and despite the rough seas the passengers suffered little discomfort. For part of the journey the liner was escorted by the British tug *Turmoil*.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE RUDDERLESS LINER ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS SHIP: Captain Olaf Bjoernstad discusses the emergency with two passengers, Vice-Admiral Skule Storheill, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Norwegian Navy, and Commander Magne Braadland (dark coat), Chief of Personnel of the Norwegian Navy. *On left*—The boatswain, Ole Olsen, goes down the side of the ship in an attempt to secure a cable.

A WOULD-BE RESCUE SHIP STANDS BY IN MID-ATLANTIC: The *Lyngenfjord*, of the same Company as the stricken vessel, seen from the deck of the *Stavangerfjord*. Soon after the tow-line between the two vessels snapped, the weather grew calmer. The *Stavangerfjord* is due to start her next sailing to the United States on January 15. Meanwhile she is in dry-dock, being fitted with a new rudder.

GAME FISHING IN THE CONGO ESTUARY

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN: One of the contestants in the International Fishing Contest in the Congo Estuary, seen as he came ashore after a successful session. Sixteen anglers from many parts of Africa gathered for this competition, held among the islands of the estuary, near the towns of Banana and Moanda.

TROPHIES OF THE COMPETITION: *Left*—A perch of 45 lb. caught by one of the anglers in the international competition. *Right*—A 42-lb. turtle strung up by its captors. As a result of the success of this well-staged competition, an increasing number of game fishermen is likely to converge on the Congo Estuary.

MR. NIPPER, OF SOUTH AFRICA, THE VICTOR IN THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST: Altogether he brought in 275 lb. of fish, and he also won the prize for the biggest single catch, a tarpon weighing 120 lb. One of Mr. Nipper's cups was the gift of Sabena, the Belgian State Airline, which gave strong support to the contest.

What is a great popular sport in Florida is surely capable of equal popularity on the other side of the Atlantic, and the point where the Congo River flows into the sea, coursing round the Dogbank peninsulas, around Fisherman's Island and Pirate's Creek, is surely an ideal spot for game fishing with rod and line? At any rate, the experiment has just been tried of holding an International Fishing Competition in the estuary, and a great success it has proved, with visitors from Angola, the Belgian Congo and South Africa all attempting to bring home record catches. The prize went to a South African, Mr. Nipper, of Malvern, Natal, who won two magnificent cups for his feats in these estuary waters. Mr. Nipper caught a total weight of 275 lb. of fish, and the runner-up, Miss Van Damme, who hails from Vista, in the Congo, had a total catch of 130 lb. The third prize was won by a competitor from Moanda, who on the last day of the contest caught a barble weighing 82 lb. This took twenty minutes to hoist on board, and while the strenuous task of gaffing the fish was in hand the angler's native assistant fell in the water; neither the assistant nor the fish was lost. Fourth in the contest was Mr. Lafarge, of Boma, whose outstanding accomplishment was the capture with hook and line of a turtle weighing 42 lb., but this capture was not allowed to count in his score. There was even a prize for the unluckiest angler. The total catch during the whole competition was over 1,000 lb. of fish, and the contest was voted a grand success.

THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETS MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY: Queen Elizabeth is seen with members of the cast of *Marie Antoinette*, whom she met backstage after seeing the performance at the Scala Theatre. Standing before the Queen Mother, from the right, are John Hall Brownfield, John Dyas, Miss Paddy Mörck, Frank Clowes and Banning Richardson. The play was a new one, written by Henry Bernard.

The AMATEUR THEATRE

A Review of Recent Productions in London

The Second of Two Features on the Popular Artistic Movement

By W. A. DARLINGTON

I HAVE a theory, dating back many years, that the amateur actor is, on average, better at his job than the amateur actress. You would think, wouldn't you, that things would be just the other way round; and so should I. To find that I have this belief is a constant surprise to me, and it is certainly not the kind of belief for which I would go to the stake, or even wish to suffer trifling inconvenience. Sometimes I wonder if my experience of amateur acting, long and varied though it has been, is lop-sided in some way. Has it lain, perhaps, too much among the schools, where boys have great advantages over the girls (since girls in beards are intolerable, whereas boys in skirts can be delightful), and the universities, where the men outnumber the women?

It may be that if I were to ask somebody whose experience in these matters is wider than mine—somebody like Mr. Martin Browne, or any of his staff at the headquarters of the British Drama League, who surely know all that there is to be known on this subject—I might find a different belief. But I shall ask nobody. This is my own article, in which I have been asked to state my own opinion. And in spite of anything I have seen during my recent visits to productions by leading amateur societies in the City of London, there my opinion still is. The men have it.

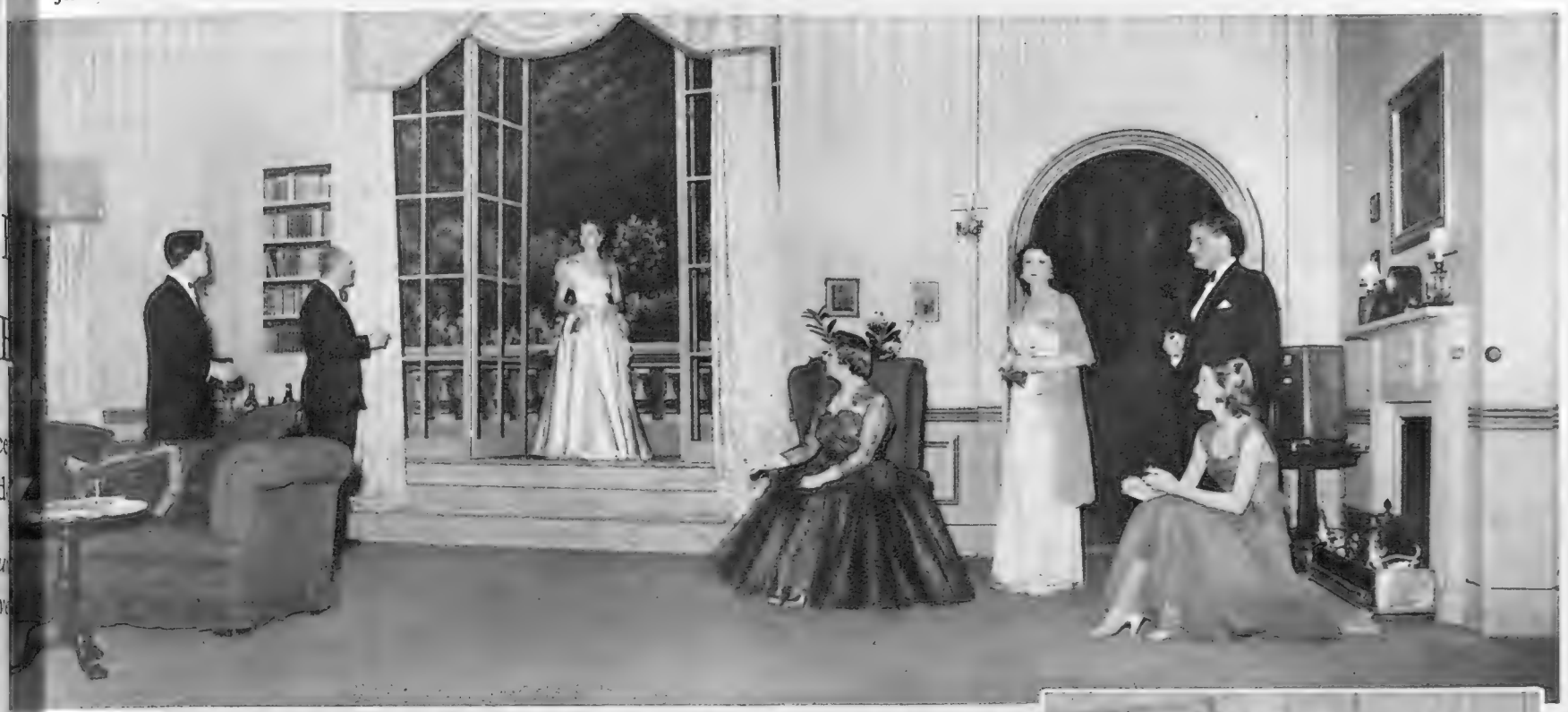
One plausible reason why this should be so suggests itself. If a man joins a dramatic society, he does so because he wants to act. For him there is no other incentive, and he can give himself up single-mindedly to the job of acting as well as possible. If a woman joins, her devotion to the theatre cannot be taken for granted. She may be joining—indeed, quite certainly she often is—not because she wants to impersonate somebody else, but because she wants to be lo to be seen to advantage, in her own person.

It has been said that every woman is in som an actress, and it is true in the sense that wom to alter their appearance, are apt to follow ch fashion, however unhappy the result, and take show themselves as they would like to appea than as nature made them. The average man dresses himself has only two objects; to be c to be inconspicuous. Women want a great de than that, and one way in which they can get act in a play.

A SCENE FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE PRODUC "MARIE ANTOINETTE": From left to right ar Watling as Marie Antoinette; Angela Green a Royale; Denis Brown as Louis XVI; and Graham, in the part of the Dauphin, later L

THE COMTESSE DU BARRY KNEELS BEFORE LOUIS XV—THE FIRST SCENE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE PRODUCTION AT THE SCALA THEATRE: John Cohen is in the part of Louis XV and the Comtesse du Barry is played by Paddy Mörck. To the left of the throne are Leslie Jones and E. L. Bending as the Duc de Lauzun and the Comte D'Aiguillon, respectively. Reading from the left of Louis XV are Raymond Dufour as Comte Mercy Argenteau; Pamela Watling as Marie Antoinette; and Sidney Wheeler as Duc du Choiseul. Mr. John Cohen, a partner in a firm of stockbrokers, is a founder member of the Society, joining in 1905. He is a former President and is now Vice-President.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE CARDINAL DE YE Pamela Watling and L. de Courcy-Ireland in D from *Marie Antoinette*. Pamela Watling is th Denis Brown, who played the part of Louis XVI de Courcy-Ireland is a partner in a firm of stock



ove and *on right*—LLOYD'S DRAMATIC, OPERATIC AND MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "THE HOLLOW," BY AGATHA CHRISTIE: This play was performed at the Scala Theatre, London, for three nights during November. In the picture above are, from left to right, Dennis Armstrong as John Cristow, M.D., F.R.C.P.; Charles Viccars as Sir Henry Angkatell, K.C.B.; Sheelagh M. Lynch as Veronica Craye; Barbara Benjamin as Lady Angkatell; Sheila V. Sinclair as Henrietta Angkatell; Ivor Evans Thomas as Edward Angkatell, and June-Mary Borton as Midge Harvey. *Inset on right*—Dennis Armstrong and Sheila M. Lynch in a scene from "The Hollow." The Society has no lady members and those in the cast played by invitation. Where possible, women's parts are allotted to those who have connections with Lloyd's, or those who are friends or relatives of members of Lloyd's.

If you detect a certain lack of gallantry in what ave so far written, that is nothing to what is coming ; for I have to record that if the desire to show self off to advantage is an object to the amateur ress, she far too often fails to achieve it. Of the productions which I have just seen, four were dern comedies. In all four the standard of achieve- nt, as a whole, was remarkably high; but against ne of the four the same adverse criticism had to be de, that the turn-out of the women was poor.

This is, of course, a general statement. I am neither ngallant nor so rash as to go into individual detail such a matter. Nor do I know enough of what the tom is about dressing an amateur play to be able apportion the blame. All that I can usefully say is t in the three cases in question somebody with e and experience ought to have been, and apparently not, in charge of the dressing and make-up.

No such mistakes were made by Lloyd's Dramatic Operatic Society when they staged Agatha Christie's thriller *The Hollow*, at the Scala. This belongs to the Lethal Lounge-hall order of drama, and needs to be well-dressed. Lloyd's dressed it effectively by any standard, and magnificently by comparison with any of the other three productions. All the women wore the right kind of clothes, both by day and in the evening, and—except for one rather self-conscious walker—wore them with ease and grace.

Indeed, I do not think I have ever seen a group of amateur actresses which looked more sure of itself, more confidently at home on the stage, than this one; and this fact gave me the best opportunity I have ever had of making a close comparison between the work of really good amateurs and top-rank professionals. As it happened, my visit to the Lloyd's production took place the very night after I had seen the brilliantly-acted opening performance of *A Day By the Sea*, which was still vivid in my mind.

As I watched the ladies of Lloyd's moving about their country-house set with such naturalness, it occurred to me that from the purely technical point of view

(*Continued on following page*)

ETH HORNE'S COMEDY "YES AND NO," PERFORMED AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE BY THE WESTMINSTER BANK DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY: From left to right in this picture are Roy Mackrow as the Rev. Richard Jarrow; Patricia Freeman as Mrs. Webb; and Pauline Mitchener as Mrs. Emma Jarrow. The production for this play was by Claude Walter. The Westminster Bank Dramatic Society produced their first play in 1913.

ROGER HARRISON AND JEANNE KING IN A SCENE FROM "YES AND NO": They play the parts of Joanna Jarrow and the Rev. Mr. Bagshott. This play was performed by the Westminster Bank Dramatic and Operatic Society.

A SCENE FROM "YES AND NO" AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE: From the left are J. Richards as Adrian Marsh; Jeanne King; Pauline Mitchener; and Pamela Gove as Sally Jarrow.

"THE MIKADO," PERFORMED BY THE BARCLAY'S BANK OPERATIC SOCIETY AT THE SCALA THEATRE: The four principal characters in this picture are, from left to right: June Mercer as Katisha; Colin Attree as the Mikado; Monica Thatcher, in the part of Yum-Yum; and Alexander Gillis as Nanki-Poo. Behind them are standing members of the chorus.

A SCENE FROM "THE MIKADO" AT TH Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum. To thi admirable performance, says Mr.hi

KO-KO AND KATISHA—A COMPLICATED POSE FROM "THE MIKADO": The players are Alan Gilbert and June Mercer. For many years the Society played mainly in King's Hall, Covent Garden, but in 1939 they moved to the Scala Theatre, where they still present their operas.

THE AMATEUR THEATRE

"SEE HOW THEY RUN"—PHILIP KING'S FARCE PRODUCED BY THE LLOYD'S LEADEN HALL PLAYERS: A te in the last act. From left to right are: Kenneth Mason as the intruder; Gillian Porter as Pe Eric Blackwell as the Bishop of Lax; John Featherstone as Sergeant Towers; Kennedy Ryan, in the Rev. Lionel Toop; and Cynthia Hope as Miss Skillon. The play was produced at the Cripple

(*Continued from previous page*)

there was not a great deal to choose between their movements, appearance and speech, and those of Sybil Thorndike, Irene Worth and Megs Jenkins in the Haymarket play. There was some advantage in all these respects on the side of the professionals, of course—Miss Worth's enchanting gesture as she turned to look over the back of her deck-chair, for instance, had in it the effortless grace of years of training, and had no counterpart among the amateurs. But such differences as the eye could register were not enough—nothing like enough—to account for the different effects of the two performances on me. Why was it that the professionals, in a scene where nothing of much importance was happening, could hold me enchained and fascinated, whereas the amateurs, for all their ease and naturalness, could not keep my thoughts from wandering?

It was an engrossing problem. Several solutions came into my mind and were rejected before the one which seemed right—and still seems right—arrived. Here it is. The true actor has a power of integrating himself completely with the part he is playing; "working himself into the skin of the character" is the way in which it is most commonly put. When he has achieved this integration, he can put aside his own thoughts and feelings and assume those of the dramatist's imagined character. All that is, I think, a matter of general agreement. What I now suggest further is that when the process of integration is complete the audience insensibly becomes aware of it, and responds by accepting the actor and the character he plays as a single being, having the body of the actor but the soul of the character.

You sometimes hear a playgoer say about an admired performer, "He was so natural that I forgot he was acting." Except in the case of very unsophisticated people, or children, I do not think this is ever literally true. The playgoer remains fully conscious that he is watching a performance by Sybil Thorndike or Irene Worth, John Gielgud or Ralph Richardson. What he means when he says he "forgets" is that he can watch the performance without disturbing his sense of make-belief. For instance, at that moment in *A Day by the Sea* to which I have referred above, when a woman in a deck-chair turned to look behind her, I was able to say to myself, "How beautifully Irene Worth did that!" without for one moment losing my illusion that the lady in the chair was an unhappy young widow named Frances Farrar.

That is where the difference comes in between the true actor and his imitator. The ladies of Lloyd's, skilful though they were in the externals of the actor's craft, had not the true actor's gift, and s integrate themselves with the characters Consequently, if I began to think of any ladies as herself, to say to myself, "How badly) she did that!" I at once lost my sens and it took quite a severe mental effort to to see her again not as herself, but as th was supposed to be in the play.

There is, of course, no reason why an am should not have this gift—indeed, the best have it to quite an extent. But nobody fully remains long an amateur; for he is vocation and cannot avoid making the stage

That comparison between the two sta a pretty clear idea what can be reasonably amateur performers and what can not. It to turn to a more detailed consideration of the various societies I have recently visite the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic a clear claim to first place, since it had th find for itself a new play. This was *Mar* by Henry Bernard—a pseudonym which c the Society's own members—at the Scala.

As I said in my first article, there is in our theatre to-day of new dramatists,

T TRE: On the left of this picture are Alexander Gillis and Monica Thatcher as thy Glover as Pitti-Sing; and June Mercer as Katisha. The Society put up an Mr. his article. The next production planned by the Society is Chu Chin Chow.

NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, PISH-TUSH, PITTI-SING AND PEEP BO—ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE MIKADO": The players are, from left to right, Alexander Gillis, Monica Thatcher, Ronald Gough, Mary Glover and Sylvia Rickards. The Society, except for the war years, have an unbroken record of two productions a year since 1920, when *The Mikado* was their first production.

"THERE, THERE, MY CHILD": Dennis Waters, in the part of Lance-Corporal Clive Winton, consoles the Vicar's wife, played by Gillian Porter, who is becoming rather upset at the sudden spate of clerical gentlemen and the strange behaviour and dress of her husband.

THE INTRUDER MAKES KNOWN HIS TRUE IDENTITY: On the right of this picture is Cecil Birch, in the part of the Rev. Arthur Humphrey. He was the producer of the play, and had to take the part at short notice owing to the indisposition of another member. Standing on the staircase is Elsie Dickins as Ida, the maid at the vicarage—a difficult part to play.

o place where a new dramatist can learn his job. I wish could say that the Stock Exchange Society's experiment ad helped to solve this problem by staging a promising ay; but I cannot. Mr. "Bernard" has written his play t out of an urge to be a dramatist, but out of a com-endious knowledge of Marie Antoinette. He shows no gift r the creation of stage character, and his "play" is a osely-knit series of scenes, like animated illustrations to biography of his heroine.

In one way this piece suits its present purpose very well. he Stock Exchange Society has a large membership, and, nsequently, has a liking for big-scale productions in stume, and does them very well. *Marie Antoinette* has a st of sixty.

As the Queen herself, in the only part which gives uch scope for acting, Pamela Watling showed dignity d personality. I suspect her of having had stage aining; certainly she has a stage sense. The other rts are mostly small, and I was impressed rather by e general air of competence and thoroughness than by dividual performances. People of importance in the ory were well played by Denis Brown (Louis XVI), hn Dyas (Count Axel Fersen), L. de Courcy-Ireland ardinal de Rohan) and R. G. Williams (Fouquier-Tinville). t it is to Robin Rook, as producer, that the chief aise must go.

(*Concluded on following page*)

CLIVE MAKES UP TO IDA—A SCENE FROM "SEE HOW THEY RUN," AT THE CRIPPLEGATE THEATRE: Dennis Waters, who plays the part of Lance-Corporal Clive Winton, is the business manager of the company.

THE TOOPS SAY GOOD-BYE: Gillian Porter and Kennedy Ryan in a scene from the farce produced by the Lloyd's Leaden Hall Players at the end of 1953.

THE BALTIC AMATEUR DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "THE WAY THINGS GO," AT THE SCALA THEATRE: In this picture are, from left to right: John Scott Read as George, Duke of Bristol; Gerald Ham as Ernest, a brother of the Duke; Dick Chater as Charles, Lord Crayne, Uncle of the Duke; Dennis Corble as William, a bishop; and Diana Foster as Venetia, Lady Crayne. The Baltic Society has been in existence since 1907, when it was known as the "Baltic Amateur Dramatic and Orchestral Society," but in 1908 the name of the Society was changed to its present form.

LORD CRAYNE IS ANNOYED: Seated on the step-ladde... Alan Softly as Gerard, another brother of the D... of Bristol. Looking on are, from left to right, M... Lahaye as John, yet another brother of the Du... Alice Chater as Anne; and Betty Graham as He...

The AMATEUR THEATRE

ALAN SOFTLY AND DIANE WOOLF IN A SCENE FROM "THE WAY THINGS GO": Diane Woolf plays the part of Mary Flemin. As membership of the Company is limited to members of the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, there are no lady members. As with Lloyd's, the lady members of the cast play by invitation.

A SCENE FROM THE BALTIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION AT THE SCALA THEATRE: Between Gerard and Mary Fle... is standing Elsie Wainwright, in the part of An Old Lady. The Society produces one straight play and one mus... each year and the proceeds from these performances are donated to charities. Over £3,400 has been donated since 19...

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Of the Lloyd's production, also at the Scala, I have had something to say already. This was a careful production by Frederick G. Lloyd, who is Controller of the huge theatre and had obviously been at pains to make the company speak up. Charles Viccars (Sir Henry Angkatell) was outstandingly good in this respect, but the whole company showed a refreshing willingness not to mumble. As Lady Angkatell, Barbara Benjamin was mildly, where Jeanne de Casalis in the original production had been wildly, funny; but comic parts are the hardest of all for amateurs. Jane Munday was a quite impressive murderess, and Dennis Armstrong a very murderable victim.

Yet again at the Scala, I saw the Baltic Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society in Frederick Lonsdale's picture of aristocracy in post-war decay, *The Way Things Go*. Lacking Mr. Lloyd's local knowledge, the producer, Dudley Moore, had paid little attention to his cast's delivery, which varied from excellent to disgraceful.

The acting on the whole was intelligent and lively, but there is some wordy stuff at the end of this play which the cast did not make very compelling. The high-spot of this production was a charming performance by Diane Woolf as the American heiress—a piece of acting so controlled and reposeful that I suspect her, too, of having had stage training. She had capable support from Alan Softly as her lover, as well as from Dick Chater, Mick Lahaye and George Graham. On the other hand, several of the small parts were badly done, the women's dresses did the Society no credit, and I noticed a tendency in the producer to move his actors about the stage unnecessarily.

At the Fortune, the Westminster Bank Dramatic and Operatic Society staged Kenneth Horne's comedy *Yes and No*. As it happens, I have seen this company perform before, and know that their standard can be very high. If it was not so high this time the reason was simple—several of the cast were new and inexperienced, which is enough to account for the high monotonous pitch of the women's voices. But on the other side of the account, they had a valuable asset in Roy Mackrow, playing the Rector. This is the second time I have seen Mr. Mackrow, and I recognise in him a real actor. Unobtrusive but authoritative, he made it possible for this production to balance on the credit side of the pass-book.

Another bank, the Midland, also went to the Fortune, and revived Martin Vale's thriller, *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, about a wicked but charming artist who liked poisoning his wives. This play came over well, largely owing to good work by Leslie Stevens as the artist and Barbara Coldwell, pathetic in her disillusion as ... second wife. Peggy Woollaston, as the earlier wife, ... sincere, but much too quiet and self-contained. Th... was also a confident and most effective performance ... Charles Thorell as the doctor. I suggest to Willi... Codling, the producer, however, that the atmosphere ... achieved with the setting and dresses was that of ... prosperous London suburb—I simply could not belie... that the Mediterranean lay close at hand—and th... even in a small theatre it is possible to underspeak.

Last of the productions I saw was that of th... Barclay's Bank Operatic Society in *The Mikado*. Th... was an admirable performance. June Mercer ... impressive Katisha), Alan Gilbert (Ko-Ko), Leslie ... Beaumont (Pooh-Bah) and Alexander Gillis (Nanki-Poo... led a company which had caught the D'Oyly Carte ... spirit perfectly. As a Vice-President of the Gilbert and ... Sullivan Society and author of a book on the Savoy ... operas, I spent a pleasant evening; but as a dramatic ... critic I have nothing to say about it. Gilbert-and-... Sullivan acting done by professionals is a stereotype ... done by amateurs it is the copy of a stereotype. Not ... until Gilbert's copyright expires and producers can make ... free will there be room any more for comment.

A THRILLER IS PRODUCED BY THE MIDLAND BANK DRAMATIC SOCIETY: This is a scene from *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, by Martin Vale, which was performed at the Fortune Theatre. Seated on the left is Sylvia Hills as Mrs. Latham, and standing next to her, Peggy Woollaston as Harriet Carroll. In front of the fireplace are Nancy Coward and Charles Thorell as Cecily Harden and Dr. Tuttle, and to the right are Kathleen Collins as Clemence; Leslie Stevens as Geoffrey Carroll; Barbara Coldwell as Sally Carroll, and John Brown as Pennington.

"THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS": From left to right are Nancy Coward, Kathleen Collins, John Brown, Barbara Coldwell and Leslie Stevens. The Midland Bank Society has often entered a one-act play in the British Drama League Festival. It has won the Cedric Hardwicke Trophy three times, and in 1948 the society won the Howard de Walden Cup.

DR. TUTTLE LOOKS ON WHILE SALLY AND GEOFFREY CARROLL MAKE UP: In his article, Mr. Darlington pays tribute to the effective and sincere acting of the three people seen in this picture.

Two or three other productions which I had hoped to see—notably *Milestones*, by the National Provincial Bank, and *Hassan*, by the Bank of England—fell outside my time-limit. And I was prevented by my duties as drama critic of *The Daily Telegraph* from visiting the Leaden Hall Players, who are drawn from the office staff of Lloyd's. A friend who went in my stead reported very favourably on the spirit with which the farce *See How They Run* was put over, but was bothered by some of the individual performances, especially the fact that one lady in a leading part "had not learnt to keep still."

So ends my survey. The productions with which it deals were arbitrarily chosen within certain limits of time and space, but make a fair cross-section of high-class amateur work, its virtues and its faults. If anybody thinks I have taken the virtues for granted and laid disproportionate stress on the faults, I make no apology. Fifty years ago Max Beerbohm wrote an article on "The nevitable Badness of Amateur Acting"; and his main eason why amateurs could never be good was that nobody ver told them they were bad. If "Max" were writing hat article to-day he would have to moderate its tone f extreme disrespect. But he could still find plenty of vidence to support his main contention. Now, as ien, the amateur actor lives in an unhealthy hot-house tmosphere of continuous praise.

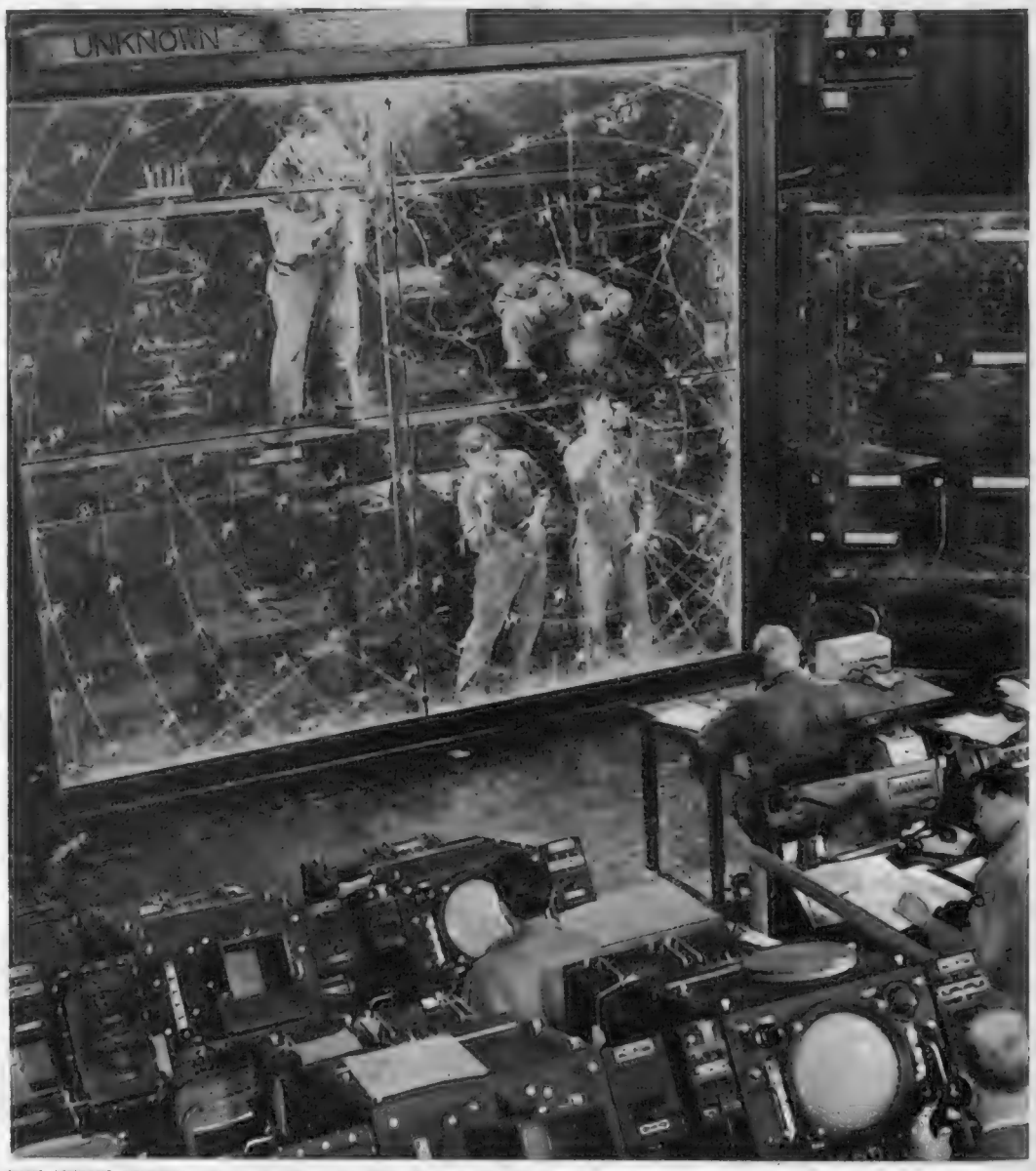
A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS": The Midland Bank Society has been in existence for thirty-one years. Its first production was *The Bishop's Candlesticks*, at the Guildhall School of Music.

ANOTHER CHANGE OF MOOD FOR THE CARROLLS: Leslie Stevens and Barbara Coldwell in a dramatic scene from *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*. The play was directed by W. Codling.

THE U.S. AIR FORCE RADAR CENTRE ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS: The great installation which has been built at a cost of over £3,500,000 in order to guard the area of San Francisco Bay from surprise air attack. It is part of a network of radar stations which rings the coasts of the United States. The station on Mount Tamalpais, in Marin County, is linked with fighter planes at Hamilton Field. When radar picks up unidentified planes, the information is relayed by radio to the fighter headquarters and the planes take off in a matter of seconds. The 80-ft.-high wooden poles are radar antennæ. The radar beams of this station reach out 200 miles, and can sweep the coastline of Northern California and the adjacent Pacific Ocean area. The Mount Tamalpais station operates 24 hours a day.

GUARDIAN OF THE GOLDEN BAY

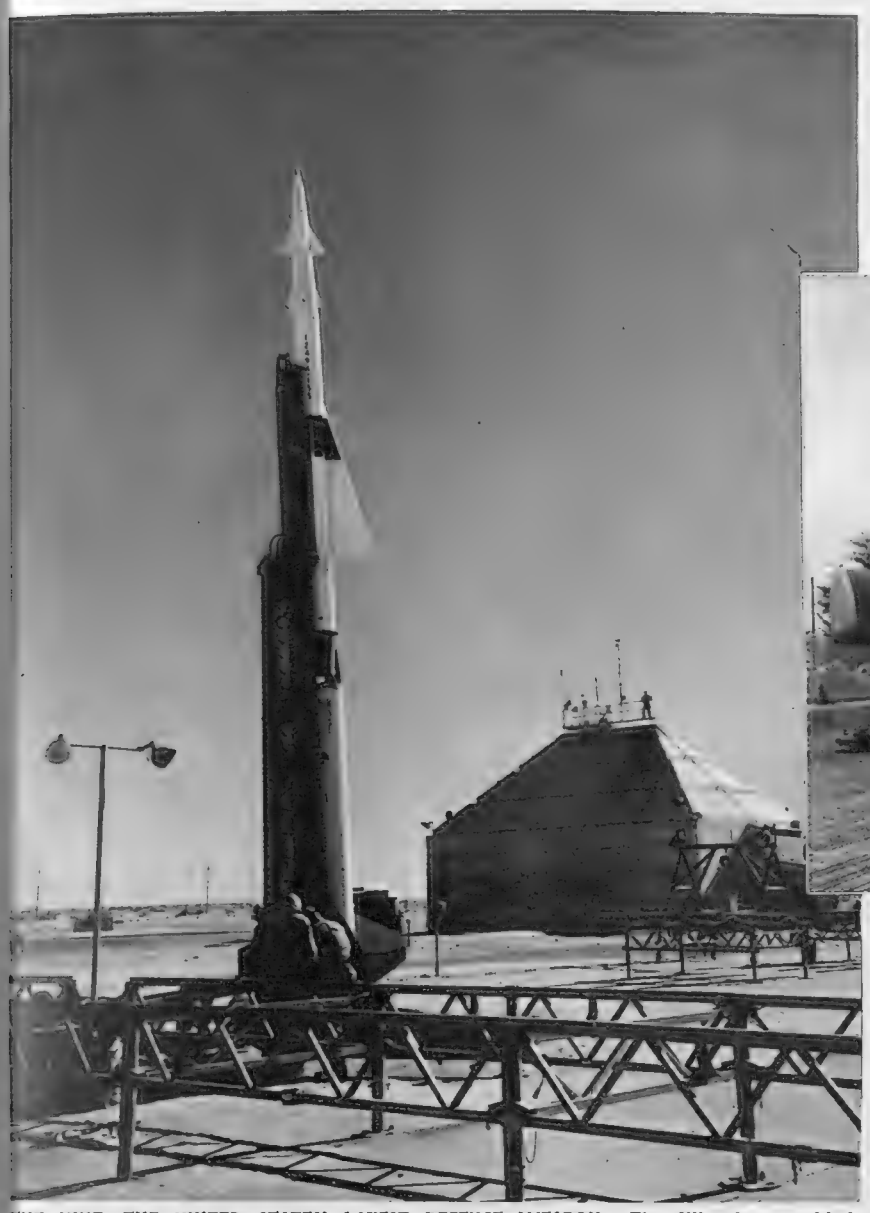
The San Francisco Radar Station Which Can Give Warning of a "Pearl Harbour" Attack



THE NERVE-CENTRE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S RADAR STATION: Two scanning scopes in the foreground picking up a tiny pin-point of light, or "blip," from a passing plane. This information is immediately relayed to the plotters behind the transparent plotting board, who can chart the position, course and speed of the plane. *On left*—The ball-shaped "radome," known as the bubble, which houses some of the antennæ of the station, and from which radar beams are sent out.

A ROCKET DEFENCE FOR AMERICA

A NEW GUIDED MISSILE WHICH IS NOW IN PRODUCTION AND WHICH CAN TRACK DOWN ENEMY AIRCRAFT

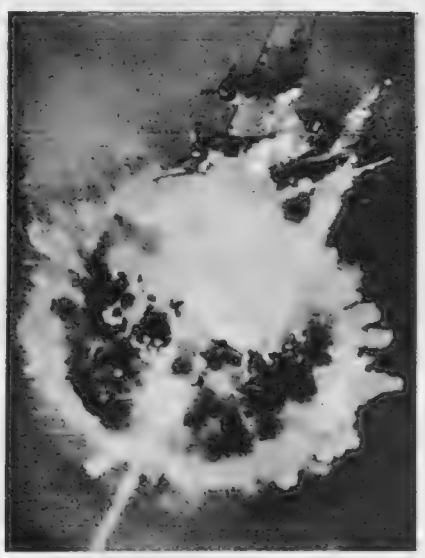


THE NIKE—THE UNITED STATES' LATEST DEFENCE WEAPON: The Nike is a guided missile, with an explosive warhead, which can track down any aircraft at no matter what height it is flying and no matter how the pilot dodges.

THE UNITED STATES' GUIDED MISSILE AND THE EQUIPMENT THAT IT NEEDS FOR FIRING: This picture was taken at an undisclosed rocket site somewhere in the U.S.A. The radar equipment in the foreground and on the roof of the building is used for tracking the missile, and the trailers contain control equipment. The Nike was developed mainly by the Douglas Aircraft Company and Western Electric.

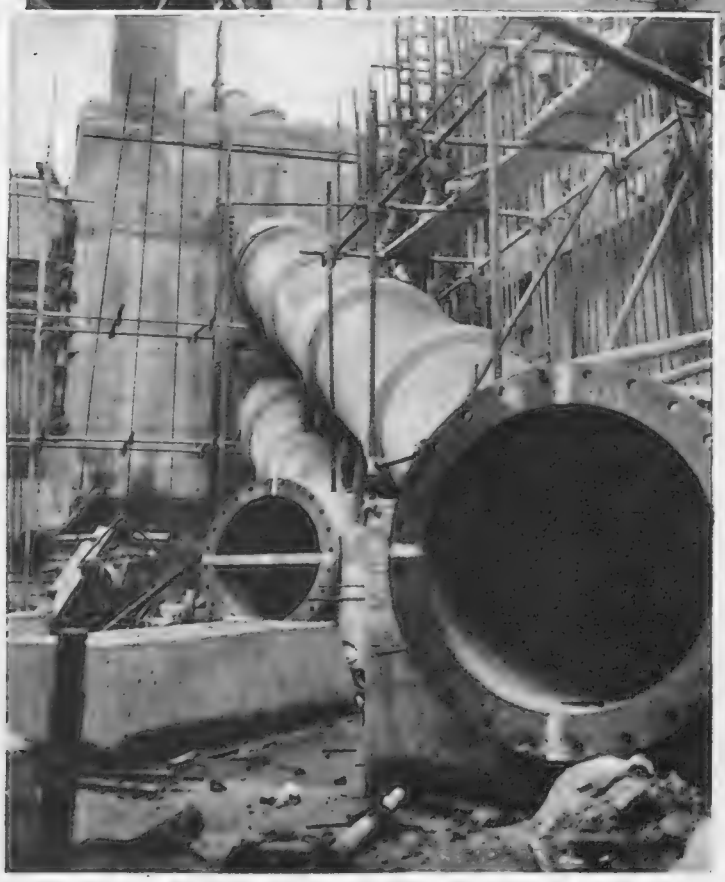
The announcement from Washington that the first guided missile battery to take its place in the defence of the United States will soon be installed at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, comes after eight years of research had been put into the design and perfecting of the Nike, the rocket that will be used. In performance, the Nike, which is named after the Greek goddess of Victory, is rather similar to the British guided missile, details of which were announced last August. The rocket is 20 ft. long and has a diameter of 1 ft., and can track down a target aircraft, no matter how high it flies or what evasive tactics the pilot tries. It will even out-manœuvre jet-fighter aircraft.

Unlike the German V2 weapons launched against this country towards the end of the war, the Nike batteries will play a purely defensive part in war operations. They are designed to provide a greater degree of protection than is possible with the more limited ranges of the conventional anti-aircraft guns. Although details of the performance of the rocket have not been released, the speed is said to be about 1,000 m.p.h. The construction of the rocket is in four main parts: the warhead, the control equipment and two separate rocket-propulsion units. One unit is used for the take-off and then the other unit, which has a greater duration, takes over. Unofficially, the range is given as 35 miles. There are over 1,500,000 parts in the Nike, which has been developed by the Douglas Aircraft Company and the Western Electric Company, together with many sub-contractors.



THE NIKE IN ACTION AGAINST A TARGET AIRCRAFT: *Top left*—The missile has located the target and may be seen speeding towards it. *Top right*—The moment of impact. The target is enveloped in a ball of smoke and fire. *Below, on left*—The target aircraft, which was controlled by wireless, is beginning to break up and is out of control. *Below, on right*—On the right of the picture is the tail of the aircraft, and, above it, one of the engines may be seen falling away.

LAUNCHING THE NIKE: One of four guided missiles is seen speeding skywards, while the others await launching. The Nike is rather similar to the British guided missile, details of which appeared in *The Sphere* of August 29, 1953.



THE GIANT DISCHARGE PIPES IN WHAT WILL BE THE PUMP-ROOM OF THE DOCK: The 5-ft.-diameter pipes will take the discharge from the dock in the form of a siphon, with air-breaker valves at the crest. These valves will come into operation immediately the main pumps are cut out, and thereby prevent the water from siphoning back from the river Tyne into the basin of the dock.

TYNESIDE'S MIGHTY NEW DRY DOCK FOR 38,000-TON TANKER

Construction Work in Progress at North Shields in Order to Accommodate Some of the Larger Oil Tankers Now in Service

Steadily during the post-war years Britain has been building larger and larger tankers, for it has been found that the 30,000-tonners are a great deal more economical to run in comparison with their loads than the smaller fry which once plied between the Near-Eastern production areas and the ports of Britain. Tankers are now being built up to 41,000 tons deadweight, about half the size of the great ocean liners, and, needless to say, it has become necessary to think in terms of servicing these new vessels.

On the Tyne at North Shields Smith's Dock Company is giving a lead with its fine new graving dock now well on the way towards completion. The dock will accommodate tankers up to 38,000 tons deadweight, and, in addition, an increased footage of 380 ft. is being given to the deep-water quay on the Tyne, giving a total quay length of 900 ft.

The new dock has many unusual features, not the least being the Larrsen sheet piling which is being driven into the ground to form the sides of the dock. This is trough-shaped in cross-section and has a thickness of about $\frac{7}{8}$-in. The piling is rolled, with clutches at each side, and these interlock with the adjacent piles.

A novel feature of the pumping discharge in the dock is the elimination of the usu return or self-closing valves. In this the discharge is pumped through 5-ft.-d concrete pipes in the form of a siph air-breaker valves at the crest. These come into operation immediately the main are cut out and thereby prevent the wat siphoning back from the river into the do

To construct the dock it has been ne to excavate into the hillside behind th frontage, and about 250,000 cub. yards had to be removed before the dock itself c started. The top of the bank is about above the dockside, and a novel feature facilities is the provision of an electr This lift not only serves from the bank dock cope-level, but also the bottom of the It is being supplied by Keighley Lifts L of Keighley, Yorks, and will have a se automatic devices to prevent travel bel cope when the dock is flooded, but will be remain in operation from the cope to the ba

The consulting engineers for the whole p are T. F. Burns and Partners, of Westm and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the civil eng ing contractors are Holloway Brothers (L Limited, of Nottingham.

ove—

E NEW DRY-DOCK AT NORTH SHIELDS EEN FROM THE DOCK ENTRANCE: When completed this will be the largest rivately-owned dry-dock on the East oast of Britain. It is being con-tructed for Smith's Dock Co., Ltd., nd is 709 ft. long and 95 ft. wide at he entrance. To construct the dock t has been necessary to excavate into he hillside behind the river frontage nd about 250,000 cub. yards of earth ad to be removed before the dock tself could be started. The walls rovide one of the unusual features of he dock, these being made of Larssen teel sheet piling, which is driven into he ground by means of heavy mechani-al pile drivers. This is substantially ss costly than the traditional type of ass concrete walls used in such docks.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIVERWARD END OF THE NEW DRY-DOCK, WITH THE WATERS OF THE TYNE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND: The dock, which will accommodate tankers up to 38,000 tons, the new giants of Britain's oil fleet, is being equipped with a flap-type entrance gate designed by Sir William Arrol and Company. This will be the largest gate of its kind yet built. A comprehensive arrangement of dockside services is being provided, and these will include oil-fired boilers to provide steam for tank cleaning.

right—

HUGE CONCRETE MIXING PLANT FOR E NEW DOCK: In the foreground the conveyer used for feeding sand d ballast into the hopper. On the t is a great pile of empty cement gs in course of being cleared away.

EXPERTS, CRITICS AND PUNDITS

Exercising the Amateur's Right to Differ from the Professionals

By JOHN GORE

DAVID HAS A SHOT AT GOLIATH.—If you want to make a noise in the world to-day and get a reputation which can be cashed over the counter, you must keep your name in the public eye. You must show up in London most days of the week, serve on every committee you can, catch the eye of the columnists and Press photographers, "write to *The Times* about it," and not hesitate, if invited, to appear on T.V. or oblige with a broadcast or deliver a lecture. Then you will probably become a Pundit, an acknowledged critic, an expert in your line. If you write for money, you won't achieve your aim if you write under a *nom de plume* and live in the country and fail to conquer a deep-seated loathing of crowds and publicity.

Having said so much, it is needless to say that I am not recognised as a literary critic and, indeed, I do not deserve to be. For, profound as is my interest in literature, I am not very well read or educated, and such small specialisation as I have pursued has been for the most part in the field of biography, on which I hold very strong and probably amateur opinions, which I usually keep to myself. But, once in a way, "my patience is exhausted" and, like Hitler, I burst out in aggression; but, unlike Hitler, I do very little harm to the civilised world by my aggression. On the other hand, it relieves my feelings and, when I have a crack, I like to shoot at the pundits and the acknowledged critics and the best-sellers and the "classic" writers. Thus, before I venture into the more familiar field of biography, I must have a crack at the big game on other fields.

Frightened People.—I derive immense pleasure from the pronouncements of all experts, critics and pundits, in every field, not only of literature; for I have come to understand that they are frightened folk, terrified for their reputations, and that their self-confident verdicts are a bluff to cover their own diffidence and doubt. The Piltdown skull, for instance; it took the anthropologist pundits forty years before their "doubts" found tongue. Throw in the art critics, with their pronouncements on genius, on fakes and on masterpieces, one day skying the Gainsboroughs, one day banishing the Winterhalters, one day crowning and one day dethroning the post-war stars and startlers. Remember the Vermeer factory. And, turning back to literature, consider that large, loquacious body of critics who know all there is to know about the art of the novel.

It is perhaps not their fault that "a novel of genius" is published every day in the year, for nowadays the hard-pressed publisher is in the critic business also, and tells us so in his blurb on the wrapper, and the hard-pressed reviewer (with ten novels a week to read and review) accepts the blurb and reads no deeper. But how many of these daily works of genius will gain the nobler title of "classic" depends, I fancy, not on contemporary but on posterity opinion.

Madame Bovary.—After all, Jane Austen died an amateur, and a majority of our post-war masterpieces are out of print and forgotten already. If indeed there can be found a list of the "hundred best novels," it is not by the judgment of the critics but by the use of the reading public that the list can be drawn up, and even public usage varies. *Moby Dick* may not be there for ever. *Shirley* and even *Wuthering Heights* may lose ground. Who was the first pundit who authorised all other pundits even to this day to declare unequivocally that *Madame Bovary* must always be listed among the first dozen? A fine novel, a fine study of the development of the character of a middle-class woman, but is not *The Real Charlotte* or *The Old Wives' Tale* worthy of consideration in the same line? And these two haphazard choices are by no means the best available rivals. I suppose I have heard or read a dozen Wizards of the Novel come out with *Madame Bovary* as a matter of course. And after them, what is my opinion worth? I am an amateur, but, as an interested amateur, I often wish they would give their reasons, with chapter and verse.

I wonder whether I am quite at fault in suggesting that you cannot "seed" novels as if they were lawn tennis players. The tennis star, even if she is female, usually keeps to current form, lives up to the statistics of his or her current performance. But a novel's supremacy depends enormously on conditions outside its own merits. It depends as much on the reader as on the writer. One day I am in a mood for *Pride and Prejudice*, another for *War and Peace*. One day I want to be lulled, another excited; one day frightened, one day comforted.

You might as well list port before champagne as the first of wines, as put *Anna Karenina* before *Emma*, or *Madame Bovary* before *Vanity Fair* in the First Dozen of Classic Novels. It is a silly exercise, and sensible critics, if we have any, should refuse to indulge in it. But, of course, it is all part of their business, this urge to keep in the public eye and come out with definitive pronouncements, carefully copied from earlier pundits who were lucky to die in the odour of respect.

Oysters are good, so are eggs and bacon, if properly prepared. But you cannot say that oysters are "better" than eggs and bacon, and for much the same reasons you cannot say that *Pride and Prejudice* is better or worse than *Madame Bovary* or *Anna*.

Biography Standards.—And now some amateur reflections on the art of biography. The critics to-day puzzle me (a confessed amateur) as much as do the novelist critics. It was only the other day that they decided that the ponderous three-volume biographies of Victorian times were dead as Queen Anne, and stuffy as Victorian cupboards. The poor creatures—the critics—became dazzled by the Lytton Strachey school and laid down new rules for the writing of biography. Ponderosity must go. Selection was the thing and the art of the novelist and psychologist must be married to the art of great editing and served up with wit and pith on a smaller dish. Their instructions were readily obeyed, and our greatest worthies have been dished up as palate-tickling entremets for several decades.

And now comes a greatly admired historian-biographer, bred and trained in the great historical tradition, with a study of Sir John Moore, which reveals a reaction to ponderosity, a distinct loosening of the rigid rules of selection and rejection. And those rules are sound. The perfect biographer must leave no stone unturned, no avenue unexplored, and there is no more industrious stone-turner or explorer alive than Carola Oman. But the real job of biography begins (note the impudence of the amateur teaching the professional how to suck eggs) when you have all your pebbles in the bag, turn them out on a table and begin to study each and reject as irrelevant or unworthy one in two or three of them. Balance, proportion, these are essential in biography, but, unless the critics talked through their hats only the other day, even balance and proportion must be achieved in a narrower dish than the Victorian.

It is (as I know well) bitter hard, when once you have collected every available and scintillating pebble on the beach, to bring yourself to the task of rejection. Each one is too pretty to lose. I am always reminded of that scene in R.L.S.'s *Rajah's Diamond* where "Raeburn, his greed rekindled by some bright scintillation, abstracted another jewel from the Secretary's share and added it to his own."

I dare say that Miss Oman here and there was actuated by Raeburn's delight in the bright pebbles and gave us rather too much of her harvest when she treated of John Moore's boyhood, the early Grand Tour, and earlier campaigns.

What Do You Know?—I should have expected some of our big-gun book reviewers to say so (remembering their so-recent pronouncements on the modern art of biography), but I cannot find that they did so. On the contrary, they hailed a biography perfect in form, balance, proportion and length. As for length, I suppose the book is upward of 200,000 words. How many book reviewers—many of them busy journalists and authors—have time to read three or four such tomes a week, word for word? And how, if they skim, can they effectively pronounce on balance, proportion and so forth?

As I said earlier, I am an amateur, and when I use my catapult, I do it for the fun of the thing and, being a bad shot, I aim at an elephant or Goliath if available, rather than at a rabbit. It doesn't hurt the elephant and amuses me. But a lucky shot might kill the poor rabbit. That is the fun of being anonymous or an amateur: your reputation is not an ever-present anxiety. The professional, critic or cricketer, is for ever concerned with his reputation, for ever fears to be bowled out. But their pitches are sticky and their wickets often fall, and then we laugh at their pomposities and pronouncements. They would be much happier and often less ridiculous if they kept their amateur status a little longer.

What is truth? Or, for that matter "merit" in the arts, or "good taste"?

A small boat at the mercy of the winds and waves.
Some call the boat truth and the sea falsehood.
Others the boat falsehood and the sea truth.

And it 's a changing sea and an open boat.

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT WOOLWICH: Drawn up in artificial sunlight, the Household Cavalry is being filmed at Woolwich Barracks for the coming production *Beau Brummell*. The dress of the soldiers and their equipment are those of the 10th Light Dragoon Guards at the turn of the eighteenth century. It was in the 10th Hussars, that Beau Brummell received a cornetcy from the Prince himself in 1794. Brummell was promoted Captain in 1796, and retired from the Service two years later. Brummell eventually quarelled with the Prince, and retired to France, where he died amid poverty, degradation and disease in 1840, at the age of sixty-one.

ON PARADE, 1796

The Household Cavalry Appear at Woolwich Barracks for the Filming of "Beau Brummell"

On left—

BEAU BRUMMELL AND PRINNY ON LOCATION: Stewart Granger, as the Regency Buck, with Peter Ustinov as the Prince of Wales, at Woolwich Barracks. Other stars in the film *Beau Brummell* are Elizabeth Taylor, who appears as Lady Patricia, and Rosemary Harris (Mrs. Fitzherbert).

PROBING THE SECRETS OF SAKKARA

The Burial Place of Egypt's Early Kings is Now the Focal Point of Intense Archæological Activity

Until 1936 it was an accepted fact that Abydos was the burial place of the kings and queens of the First Dynasty in Egypt. It was in that year that Mr. Walter Emery reopened the excavations at Sakkara, discovering the great tomb of Hemaka. Subsequent work tended to confirm his view that Sakkara was the true burial place of the First Dynasty rulers, and that the so-called tombs at Abydos, for all their magnificence, are really only cenotaphs. In 1946 came the discovery at Sakkara of a tomb attributed to Queen Merneith, wife of Zer, second King of the First Dynasty, and this was further visible evidence of what Mr. Emery had so ably established. Since 1946 the excavations at Sakkara have been proceeding apace, and while the discoveries made by Egyptian archæologists in 1949 only related to the 26th Dynasty (between 663 and 525 B.C.), whereas Mr. Emery's discoveries related to *circa* 3200 B.C., last year proved more fruitful, and on December 18 the discovery was announced from Sakkara of a pyramid 6,500 years old.

The pyramid, the most ancient dressed-stone building in the world, was discovered by Dr. Zakaria Goneim, archæologist of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, who has been digging for years in the area of Sakkara.

The pyramid belongs to the Second Dynasty of the Pharaohs. The "stepped" pyramid of King Zoser of the Third Dynasty, near by, has hitherto been thought the oldest dressed-stone building. The base of the new pyramid covers 15,600 sq. yards, compared with the 23,100 sq. yards area of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, which dates from 1400 B.C. The pyramid of Cheops, dating from the Fourth Dynasty, is one of the best maintained, and contains 6,000,000 tons of dressed stone. It is 481 ft. high and contains a labyrinth of slanting corridors leading to the King's burial chamber.

Sakkara contains the vast burial grounds of the ancient Egyptian capital of Memphis. A royal tomb unearthed in April last year disclosed that the standard of civilisation in the First Dynasty of Egypt was much higher than formerly supposed.

THIS IS THE PERIMETER WALL OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF SAKKARA: The discovery of the pyramid took place in 1951, but excavation work was suspended until recently. On December 18 Dr. Goneim, Chief Inspector of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government, announced that further work on this site had revealed that this pyramid is 6,500 years old and is, in fact, the oldest dressed-stone building in the world. The dimensions of the base of the pyramid, about 30 yards square, suggest that the building was planned to be about 195 ft. in height. To-day all the remains are no more than 30 ft. high, and it seems possible that the pyramid was never finished.

On right—

THE EXCAVATOR OF SAKKARA: Dr. Goneim seen with Egyptian workers during the uncovering of a sarcophagus found at Sakkara, probably the chief necropolis of several dynasties. Sakkara stands on a plateau sixteen miles from Cairo.

On left—

THE SAND IS BRUSHED FROM A COFFIN 3,800 YEARS OLD: Dr. Goneim seen at work amid the ruins of Sakkara which are expected to yield up many more archæological treasures in the course of the next few years.

LAYING A RAILWAY TRACK TO THE SITE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PYRAMID: Native workers preparing for the intensification of the excavations at Sakkara. *On right*—A sarcophagus of a much later period, the 22nd Dynasty, being carried from the diggings.

At the TURN of the YEAR

A SURVEY OF TH HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

EXTENDING THE TUNNEL UNDER RACE-COURSE : The clock tower above the pile of earth that ha removed to make way for the e to the tunnel. The alterations b 1948, when the new Straight built. Until recently, the rac authorities had not been able t a licence to extend the tunnel neath the mile course, but no has been granted, work is pro apace so that all will be ready for Royal Ascot this year. It is that the main part of the task completed by the end of this

AN ELEPHANT ACCOMPANIES SHANI WALLIS ON THE PIANO AS SHE SINGS TO THE PATIENTS OF THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN : The elephant had come to the hospital on a special pre-Christmas visit from the Jack Hylton Circus, at Earls Court ; standing beside the piano is the trainer, Mr. Hans Koffnayer. Miss Shani Wallis, who is appearing in *Wish You Were Here* at the Casino, sang the popular song, "Auf Wiedersehen," while Louisa, the elephant, played the tune on her specially constructed piano. After her performance, Louisa was led round the courtyard and many of the children fed her with sugar.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL IS WE IN HIS ARCHDIOCESE : Bishop Halsall greets Dr. William the Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, as he arrives in hi city to take up his new duties. Dr. Godfrey later drove Pro-Cathedral of St. Nicholas, where he presented his Pap of Appointment. The Archbishop was accorded a warm

THE CREW OF THE CANBERRA THAT BROKE THE CAPE TOWN—LO RECORD : From left to right are Squadron-Leader R. F. B. Pa navigator ; Wing-Commander A. H. Humphrey, the pilot ; Squadron-Leader D. Bower, the other navigator. Two days before Cape Town, the Canberra bomber had arrived there from London, a another crew, after breaking the London—Cape Town record. The flight to Cape Town was made in 12 hrs. 25 mins., beating the record set Mosquito aircraft in 1947, by 9 hrs. 6 mins., and the flight back in 13 hrs. 1 beating the record of 39 hrs. 36 mins. set up in 1939 by a Percival M

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "ESSEX" AT THE SHIPYARD OF JOHN BROWN AND COMPANY, CLYDEBANK: The ship was launched by Lady Freyberg, the wife of Lord Freyberg, V.C., having been built for the Federal Steam Navigation Company. After the launching, Sir Allan Grant, a director of John Brown and Company, made a presentation to Lady Freyberg.

PREPARING SHETLAND PONIES FOR PANTOMIME: Victoria, Alexandra and Leslie Bray are seen helping with some of the Shetland ponies, owned by their grandmother, Mrs. Reynolds-Sams, of the Grange, at Wraysbury, Bucks., and which are now appearing in pantomimes throughout the country. For thirty years Mrs. Reynolds-Sams has bred and trained Shetland ponies for work in pantomimes, where they are used as the white horses that pull Cinderella's coach. Mrs. Reynolds-Sams is helped in her work by her two daughters, Mrs. Hazel Larcombe and Mrs. Daphne Bray, the mother of the three children seen holding the ponies in this picture.

On left—

EBBW VALE IN FULL BLAST DURING THE LAST OF THE PRE-CHRISTMAS WEEKS: This picture was taken from the air and shows the great steel works in this valley, which contributed notably to the high steel output which so greatly encouraged the country before the holidays. Welsh pits also produced record figures. Coal output for Britain in the last full week before the holiday was over 5,000,000 tons, and this was achieved with 10,000 fewer miners on the pay rolls than last year. Ebbw Vale has several claims to fame, one of them being that it is the constituency which returns Mr. Aneurin Bevan to Parliament.

On right—

RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE REGENT'S PARK ZOO INSPECTS ITS NEW LIVING QUARTERS: The animal, a species of ant-eater known as Temminick's pangolin, was given to the Zoo, in December, by a private donor living in Africa. Although the pangolin rarely lives for long in captivity, this one has been kept caged for some time in its native land, Africa, with no ill-effects, and is now settling down quite comfortably at Regent's Park. Although it is a nocturnal animal, daytime visitors to the Zoo will be able to see the creature, as it will sleep in the forepart of its cage. A special bed of turf and earth has been put down on the floor of the cage for the animal. Species of pangolin are found in Asia, as well as in Africa.

THE 3,000TH HOUSE TO BE BUILT IN CHELTENHAM SINCE THE END OF THE WAR: The scene as the house was handed over to the Cheltenham Corporation by the contractors, Messrs. Wimpey and Company. Among those seen on the platform in the background are Mr. T. W. Jameson, a director of Wimpeys, and Councillor T. L. Thompson, the Mayor of Cheltenham. Most of the houses on the estate have been built by the "No Fines" method. In this, a mixture of concrete and coarse aggregate is used instead of house bricks, which are in short supply.

AFTER THE THIRTEENTH BALLOT, RENÉ COTY IS INVESTED AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC : In the Palace of Versailles, the Senior Vice-President of the Assembly, M. André Le Troquer, performs the investiture of the newly-elected President. From left are M. Joseph Laniel, the Prime Minister ; M. Le Troquer ; the new President, M. René Coty ; M. Gaston Monnerville, President of the Senate ; and M. Paul Reynaud, the Vice-Premier. The election of M. Coty, who is an independent Conservative, was secured on the thirteenth ballot, after five days of bargaining at Versailles.

FIVE DAYS TO CHOOSE A FRENCH PRESIDE

M. René Coty is Elected on the Thir Ballot in the Long-drawn-out Proce at the Palace of Versailles

The five days that the Deputies and Senators of took to choose a new President were bitter French people. Open to the gaze of the world the bickering and pettiness of party politics, an unfo display at the election to an office which was supp be non-political.

M. René Coty, who was finally elected on the th ballot, was a comparative unknown, who only ente lists at the eleventh ballot. M. Coty is an Inde Conservative, and his election was made possible decision of M. Laniel to withdraw from the conte the tenth ballot. M. Laniel was sure of the vote Right Wing, and he was equally certain not to rece votes from the Socialists. The election therefore on where the Radical votes would go. These w given to M. Naegelen, the Socialist candidate. the unsolicited Communist support he received ; a were withheld from M. Laniel because of his activities in Bermuda and his views on E.D.C. M great advantage was that he was not M. Laniel, became apparent as soon as he entered the contest t Radical votes would eventually fall to him.

M. Coty was finally elected without much d But he will have much work to do to restor office the prestige and honour that it has lost i eyes over the five hectic days at Versailles.

THE NEW PRESIDENT WAVES TO THE ASSEMBLY : M. Coty was virtually unknown outside France. Aged seventy-one, he was born at Le Havre, and is a barrister by profession. After a period in local politics he was elected a Deputy in 1923. In 1935 he became a Senator, and in 1947 M. Coty was Minister of Reconstruction. Since 1948 he has been Vice-President of the Upper House.

FOR FIVE DAYS ONCE AGAIN THE FOCAL POINT OF EUROPEAN POLIT The great Palace of Versailles, to which Deputies and Senators were through the days and nights of the drawn-out Presidential Elec

THE ABORTIVE RESULT OF A BALLOT IS ANNOUNCED : The ballot urns have been removed from the rostrum below M. Le Troquer, who is seen reading out the results of one of the ballots. In the foreground M. Joseph Laniel is turning round to speak to a Member of the Assembly.

A MAKESHIFT CANTEEN FOR THE ELECTORS AT VERSAILLES : Chocolates, cigarettes, cigars, toilet requisites ; all that a Deputy or Senator can desire when he has been kept away from home rather longer than he originally expected.

THE BURDEN OF THE THIRTEEN BALLOTS FELL ON NON-VOTERS TOO : A view of Versailles, with the approaches well guarded by police and covered by a news photographer. The long duration of the elections took toll of the hundreds of police and militia who had been drafted to the Palace for the elections. Journalists also found the proceedings exhausting.

LOBSTER FOR THE PRE-ELECTION BANQUET : Cooks at the Trianon Palace Hotel at Versailles preparing 400 lobsters for the guests at a banquet held before the elections began. After a day of elections, however, the few hotels at Versailles found it difficult to cope.

RLY HOPEFULS OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE : Crowds gathering outside the Palais de L'Elysée on the first night of the Presidential election, in order to catch a glimpse of the new President. After a few days, a large number of Frenchmen began to get angry at the delay in electing a new President, and were dismayed at the political manœuvring.

THE LADIES WERE THERE TO WATCH THEIR HUSBANDS' PROGRESS : Madame Joseph Laniel, with her hand on her chin, in the gallery at the Congress Hall in Versailles, during one of the counts of the ballot. M. Laniel was at one time within twenty-two votes of election.

BETTER AND SAFER DRIVING IN 1954

New Year Resolutions for Motorists; Driving the New Triumph Two-seater Sports Model; "Buying" Parking Space in Britain

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

NOW is the time for all good motorists to make their New Year resolutions. Have you thought about it at all? If not, may I make one or two suggestions?

I was talking over this question of New Year resolutions with an experienced driver the other night and we jotted down the points we agreed motorists should watch most carefully to make their driving better and safer.

We mapped out the following set of specimen resolutions. What do *you* think about them?

(1) I will always try to anticipate what the other driver is going to do, and not wait until he gives a signal.

(2) I will stick to 30 m.p.h. in all built-up areas, even when my driving mirror shows no sign of a police car following me.

(3) I will make better use of my driving mirror and give adequate signals to following traffic.

(4) I will park my car unselfishly; never on a bend, on the brow of a hill or in a main road if there is a by-road in which I can leave it, even if I have to walk a few yards.

(5) I will always allow more time for a journey than I really need. After calculating the time the trip *should* take, I will add fifteen minutes for journeys up to 20 miles and half-an-hour for those up to 100 miles.

(6) I will check my tyre pressures every week and get my brakes examined (and adjusted if necessary) every 1,000 miles.

No doubt many motorists would disagree with this selection and would suggest resolutions which they considered more important. They would probably be right. There are so many ways in which our driving falls short of perfection. Anyway, let 's all resolve to drive a little more carefully and a little less selfishly in 1954.

I have recently had the use of one of the new Triumph sports cars for a few days, and was extremely sorry when the time came for its return. I enjoyed driving it very much, not only on the open road, but in town as well, for it is remarkably docile for a car that will do over 100 m.p.h.

Unfortunately I did not get a chance of doing any real high-speed stuff in the Triumph, though I managed to hit 100 for a brief spell on the Oxford by-pass. At that speed she remained under perfect control and responded obediently to the brakes when the time came to slow down for the roundabout.

There are not many of these smart two-seaters about yet—the accent is on dollar exports—and wherever I went the little car, with its cream body and red hood, attracted a lot of attention.

Acceleration is terrific for an engine of only two litres and four cylinders—it is a Standard Vanguard power plant "hotted up"—and for that we have to thank a combination of lightweight, twin carburetters and clever overall design.

This, of course, is the car in which Ken Richardson did 124·889 m.p.h. on the Jabbeke Highway in Belgium last May His car was in speed trim on that occasion, having an overdrive, a metal tonneau cover over the passenger seat and an undershield.

The car I tested was fitted with the Laycock de Normanville overdrive unit and it makes an impressive difference to the car's performance and petrol consumption. At a rough check, I did 330 miles on 11 gallons of petrol. That is 30 m.p.g, and as I used the car quite a lot in London and drove fairly fast when the opportunity presented itself, I think that is a remarkable figure.

Fuel economy is only one advantage of the overdrive. It also reduces engine wear and noise by cutting down the engine revs. for a given speed. I noticed, for instance, that to maintain a steady 40 m.p.h. the engine needed to turn over at 500 r.p.m. faster in normal top gear than when I switched on the overdrive. It was fascinating to watch the needle on the rev. counter swing back every time the overdrive was engaged by pulling out a little knob on the dashboard.

Full marks to Sir John Black and his design and production teams for turning out a sports car of this calibre for a basic price of only £555. With tax the cost is £787.

THE MAJOR COMPONENTS OF THE CHEVROLET CORVETTE, THE FIRST AMERICAN CAR WITH A PLASTIC BODY: The parts are displayed alongside a finished model. Each of these body sections was fabricated in a mould into which were placed successive layers of resin-saturated glass mats. Curing of the material produced the solid parts. The Corvette has an engine which will develop 150 h.p.

In many big towns in the U.S. there are car parks where you drive your car against a post which looks like a fire-alarm pillar You put a coin in a slot to "buy" so much parking time. And if you stay away too long a dial shows by how long you have over stayed your permitted time.

These are the parking meters which look like becoming a big controversial issue in British motoring. There are many people who think these meters are a good idea because they are a source of revenue as well as a means of curbing the activities of the "long-period car parker"

The use of meters has been recommended by the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee as a contribution to the parking problem in the metropolis, but a working party appointed by the Minister of Transport to consider these proposals expressed the view that they should be used only as part of a comprehensive scheme.

The first task, they said, was to build large surface and underground garages for long-period parking. As these garages are completed—and not before—parking meters would be introduced within a radius of a quarter-of-a-mile of each garage for the use of motorists wishing to leave their cars not longer than two hours. The revenue from the meters would help to pay for the cost of the garages.

The Manchester Corporation thought they would improve on this idea. So they inserted in a Parliamentary Bill which is to be presented next year a clause empowering them to instal parking meters in the streets.

Now this business of charging for street parking is something the A.A. and the R.A.C. have always opposed. "Motorists already pay too much in licence duty and taxes," they say, in effect. "And our already congested streets should not be used for official parking as long as facilities can be provided for off-the-street parking."

So they went for that Manchester plan hammer and tongs. They whipped up so much local opposition to it among motorists of all classes that when the Corporation held a public meeting, as they must, to test public feeling on the Bill, the parking meter clause was thrown out decisively. "A resounding victory for motorists" was how the A.A. described it.

Motorists will get little satisfaction from the plan announced by the Minister of Transport to increase the Government expenditure on road improvements and new road construction from £5,000,000 a year to £15,000,000. It is still only nibbling at a major national problem.

It sounds a little more impressive, perhaps, to learn that the total Government expenditure on schemes *authorised* in the next three years will be £50,000,000. But note that word I have italicised. That sum will not necessarily be *spent* in those three years.

And compare that sum of £50,000,000 with the £350,000,000 which motorists pay the Government every year in licences and taxes. Compare it with the mighty sum of £500,000,000 which road experts and the motoring organisations say must be spent on the roads to bring them up-to-date, and so prevent the fantastically costly wastage of time, fuel—yes, and human life—which occurs because of our old-fashioned road network.

If I say that all over Europe they are getting ready for the rally, you will know the one I mean. Yes, the Monte Carlo rally. It starts on January 16 from eight different points: Athens (16 starters), Monte Carlo (118), Glasgow (96), Stockholm (45), Oslo (16), Palermo (20), Munich (36) and Lisbon (56).

So, next to glamorous Monte Carlo itself, Glasgow is the most popular starting-point British interest in and support of this classic motoring event is, indeed, incredible. There will be more British drivers—121—than from any other single country.

France comes next with 118 drivers. But the number of British-built cars entered (by drivers of various nationalities) is exceeded by the number of French-built entries, the figures being: British, 148 (including 32 Fords 21 Jaguars and 19 Sunbeam Talbots); French 157 (including 41 Peugeots, 32 Simcas and 35 Renaults).

Altogether there are 402 crews taking part driving 50 different makes from seven countries and representing 21 nationalities.

The success of their Lympne–Le Touquet and Southampton–Cherbourg car ferries has encouraged Silver City Airways to plan another longer service—from London to Zurich. It is intended for the convenience of motorists visiting Switzerland for the winter sports.

The Ministry of Civil Aviation has given Silver City permission to run the service on a seasonal basis and it will operate once a week in each direction during January, February and March. The first service is scheduled to leave Blackbushe Airport (near Camberley) to-morrow (January 2).

Bristol Super-Freighters will carry three cars and up to twenty passengers. The 500-miles trip will take about three hours and meals will be served in the air. The charge for cars up to 13 ft. 6 ins. in length is £25. Larger cars are charged £35. Passenger fares are £14 17s. single, or £26 15s. return.

Two recent surprises in the world of motor sport have been the handsome gift of £10,000 to the British Racing Drivers' Club by the *Daily Express*, which each year sponsors two big race meetings organised by the B.R.D.C. at Silverstone; and the decision of Stirling Moss to drive an Italian car—a 2½-litre Maserati—in Grand Prix racing this year.

The *Express* gift follows one of £5,000 which that newspaper made to the Club at the end of the 1952 season. Mr. Tom Blackburn, the genial general manager of the *Daily Express*, who announced the new gift at the Club's enjoyable annual dinner, was himself presented by Earl Howe—the Club's president—with a souvenir of his paper's successful association with Silverstone. It was a piece of granite, painted silver, in a glass case surmounted by the club badge. Get it? Silver-stone! Ha! ha!

A NEW YEAR INNOVATION ON WEST GERMAN ROADS: The first of fifty-six road patrols of the German Automobile Club (A.D.A.C.) offers help to a stranded motorist. Displayed on the ground are some of his tools and appliances. It is hoped that with the help of funds more patrols will soon become available.

THE MAKERS SAY THIS IS THE SMALLEST CAR IN EUROPE: The small roadster which is now in production at the Kleinschnittger factory in Arnsberg, Westphalia, Germany. The car has a speed of 43 m.p.h. and its weight is about 3,751 lb. It costs £202.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

PLEASURE: ITS PURSUIT AND ENJOYMENT

Miss Langley Moore's Book is Full of Treasures; and a Selection of Other Books at the Turn of the Year

PLEASURE! What a splendid subject for discussion in what, with the smallest latitude, may still be described as the festive season, and, indeed, allowing oneself some latitude, might well be one of the subjects of what Miss Doris Langley Moore calls her "discursive guide book." Pleasure and its pursuit and enjoyment are to this author civilised ends in themselves, and, in fact, necessary to our spiritual satisfaction. In the Victorian age in general, and perhaps in England in particular, there was a miasmic and repressive feeling that pleasure was, if not actually wrong, at least suspect and only to be encouraged where it came from the most staid and stodgy (and therefore unlikely) sources. The trouble is that much of this attitude has persisted into our own age, and it is a salutary thing to find such a highly instructive volume as this to help in a re-orientation.

PLEASURE (Cassell. 16s.) deals with the springs and delights of this amiable state of mind under several headings. Miss Langley Moore, having written trenchantly of the fear of pleasure and of human beings "afflicted with a peculiar neurosis which makes it difficult for them to believe anything that is both straightforward and agreeable," passes to a study of the relativity of it, of the futility of compulsory Utopias, of entertainments and the luxuries of the mind, and has an admirable chapter on creature comfort.

Having been brought up partly in South Africa and thereby having escaped a few of the rigours of a northern climate, and having also been blessed with parents whose taste for life included a real zest for food, warmth and even luxury, the author explains that she knew little of the miserable living conditions of the world at large. At least one kind of luxury was achieved in the household which her father supported on £4 or £5 a week, and the memory of that cosiness and, relatively, prodigality, remains as a great pleasure in itself.

The digressions with which the author is so generous, ranging easily from the cruelty of circuses to Mr. Raymond Mortimer on the subject of class and back to French dressmakers, are one of the charms of the book, and so are the autobiographical glimpses, and the vignettes of the father nimbly arranging a twist of bread-and-butter and asparagus, or mother pursuing a child with a chicken patty or a glass of sherry to stave off any sinking feeling between meals. Altogether I found this book full of treasures, amongst them the aptitude of Miss Langley Moore's quotations.

Pleasure to Mr. Jim Ingram means travel, and it means travel in what many of us would consider the least pleasurable way: on foot, with a pack, sleeping occasionally at a youth hostel if he is in a country where they exist, or in a barn or out of doors if he is not. THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE (John Long. 15s.) is an account of two such journeys, the first made across Yugoslavia for 500 miles, Split to Sarajevo, south to the Greek frontier, then along the Albanian border into Montenegro; and the second, with his new wife and, more circumspectly, through Scandinavia.

Mr. Ingram had four objectives in his Yugoslavian trip (which is the basis of the best part of the book in both senses). He wanted to see the Dancing Dervishes, he wanted to find out about vampires, he hoped to investigate the odd Bektashi organisation (a fourteenth-century order whose teachings are said to have much in common with Freemasonry *and* Communism, if that is possible), and he wanted to visit the "City of Women," which is perched on a South Siberian mountain.

He did pretty well on his plans, and quite miraculously well when it is considered that Mr. Ingram is crippled in one leg and has suffered all his life from cataract. None of this, however, seems to dim his enthusiasm and his vigour. His book, although uneven in interest, has moments unexpected and adventurous enough to reward the reader, and the writer's own zest is something to respect.

MISS MARGERY SHARP, whose latest novel, *The Gipsy in the Parlour* (Collins. 10s. 6d.), was published recently. This is the story of a little London-bred girl who spends her summer holidays with her aunts in Devonshire in 1870. Miss Sharp is married and lives in London. Two of her novels have been turned into plays, *The Nutmeg Tree* and *The Foolish Gentlewoman*. Miss Sharp's last novel was *Lise Lilleywhite*.

ANCIENT MELODIES (Hogarth Press. 15s.) is a charming book of recollections by a Chinese lady, Su Hua, who before the war was in correspondence with Virginia Woolf, and who appears to have profited by some of the practical and lucid advice that distinguished writer gave her. They never met, and it was only after the war, as Miss Sackville-West explains in her introduction, that Su Hua came to London with the typescript of her work, and "blessed or cursed, according to the way you look at it, with the soul and eye of an artist and a poet."

The memoirs are of childhood and youth in Peking and Tientsin, in the big household of the writer's father, who was then Mayor of Peking and the head of a big and complicated family abounding in children, concubines and wives, as well as stewards, secretary, tailors and gardeners, and servants for each sub-division of the hierarchy. The writer remembers the dramatic and the violent incidents, executions and fights, but she remembers, too, the gentleness of family life, the autocracy of a father, the squabbles between Third Mother and Sixth Mother, and the kite-flying, the weddings and the feasts. It is told simply and sometimes with a startling objectivity, and the result is a special brand of Chinese magic.

MURDER IN NEW ORLEANS (Kimber. 15s.) may not be a book to add to the legendary attractions of that southern city, but from the point of view of the amateur criminologist that lurks in a great many of us, it is fascinating reading. Mr. Robert Tallant has reconstructed seven of the most notorious crimes that have taken place there, and an amazing list they make. One case was the savage murder of an excessively fat madam, who was found on a lace-trimmed bed, with a basket of flowers hanging over her; another was the multiple axe murders committed by a maniac with a self-confessed addiction to jazz music; another a revolting instance of Black Hand and Mafia terrorism. All this, and four others, Mr. Tallant has written up briskly and as factually as possible, and I should say that by and large the book is enough to frighten the timid into hiccoughs.

It is nearly a year ago since the terrible floods and devastation of the East Coast and Holland, and Mr. Jan de Hartog, who himself took part in the rescue work in his own country, has written what is quite the best novel of the week, with THE LITTLE ARK (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), a tale in which the background is authentic, and the story of the floods is given through the medium of two children. These little characters survive because they are in the belfry of a church when the dykes are breached, up there to peal the bells for their foster-father, an old minister. The boy is ten, the Indonesian girl eleven, and all that happens during the days and nights of terror and widespread death is told as it appears to them, and in their sight or hearing. Such a story would naturally be moving, but Mr. de Hartog has brought humour to it as well, in the conversations of the exhausted nurses and the wireless operator, the uncouth, fiercely independent sailors of Urk and the children themselves. It is a wonderful piece of work and, as far as one can foretell, memorable.

THE BALLOON (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a sensitively written novel about an ill-assorted group of men in an Army unit in France during the "phony" part of the war, and their varying degrees of success in trying to shake down with each other, before the balloon goes up and the war starts in real earnest, bringing them at last to Dunkirk, and some of them home to England. Mr. Henry Phelps Brown has a real gift of evocative writing, and the atmosphere of that ominous time is finely reproduced in these pages.

STAR SPANGLED HEAVENS (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is, frankly, unashamedly and pretty successfully, a romance about a nice young English girl who spends her time organising jumble sales and other hilarious fiestas in a small Essex village, and is suddenly whisked off to Hollywood, a part in a film and the dazzling experience of true and requited love. Miss Barbara Blackburn tells the story in the first person, through her young heroine, only forgetting that those who speak and act with the adolescent impetuousness of her Sally, are unlikely to be able to tell a story as coherently.

There is a fine intransigence about the titles Mr. S. J. Perelman chooses for his extremely funny essays, and the title of the new collection is no exception. THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD (Reinhardt. 11s. 6d.) contains twenty-three examples of this *New Yorker* writer's genius, and such sub-titles as "A Boy and a Girl Anthropoid Were Dancing" or "Watch the Birdie and Shield the Beezer." I suppose there is nothing as personal as a kind of humour, both to the writer and the reader, so that it isn't always safe to recommend one's own favourite choice, but I don't think I would be taking much of a risk if I suggested you passed a few happy hours with this particular master's work.

This week's thrillers, psychological and otherwise, are Mr. Roy Fuller's THE SECOND CURTAIN (Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.), an intelligently planned story by a writer who, up to now, has been more interested in poetry. Since the two are not mutually exclusive, however, I shall hope for some more books of this type from him and, in the meantime, I have enjoyed the dedicatory verse in this one as much as the plot.

MURDER MISTAKEN (W. H. Allen. 9s. 6d.) is described as a suspense novel, and has been written by Janet Green and Leonard Gribble, based on Janet Green's play of the same name, that has had a London run. It is genuinely exciting, straightforward in the telling and satisfying in its logic and ingenuity.

SCHWEITZER AS A MUSICIAN

Some Facets of a Man of Genius

Albert Schweitzer has many professions and vocations, and although each is enough to fill a man's life he seems to find time and energy to devote himself to them all. This seventy-eight-year-old physician, theologian, philosopher and musician, whose home in Europe is a small village in the Vosges called Gunsbach, and whose African home is at his hospital at Lambarené, in the Gabun Province of French Equatorial Africa, is perhaps the greatest humanitarian of our time, and in the years ahead we can count upon a ceaseless flow of works reflecting the various facets of his genius. The latest of these is MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER, a selection from his writings translated and edited by Charles R. Joy (A. and C. Black. 15s.). Hitherto Albert Schweitzer's one published work on music has been his monumental J. S. Bach, a reminder of the fact that he was organist of the Bach Society of Paris from 1902 to 1912. Now, through the work of Dr. Joy, some of Schweitzer's many essays and papers have been brought together in a single volume. There is an early piece on Schweitzer's first concert, and another on his recollections of Cosima Wagner, the second wife of the great composer and an illegitimate daughter of Liszt. Cosima he found a most self-willed person, but she was a woman of many gifts and much charm. Schweitzer describes with gusto the skill with which she steered through a conversation with a visitor to Bayreuth who pretended to know her well. She was floundering, he says, but it was the floundering of a virtuoso, and in due time her daughter rescued her. There are also chapters on organs and organ building, on the round violin bow, and on the life and character of Bach, the man of many sorrows whom Schweitzer, the humanitarian, has come to understand despite the gulf of the years. This is a delightful book, and it helps in no small measure to build up the picture of one of the most massive characters of our time—a Napoleonic figure in the immensity of his range but withal the gentlest of men.

Henri Pourrat, who declares playfully that he was born at Ambert, in Lower Auvergne, in Gallo-Roman times, or, alternatively, in the age of chipped stone, but dates the introduction to his volume *Ambert* 1953, has a reputation in France as an indefatigable collector of folk tales. From his fellow writers to the peasant folk of Auvergne he has collected these tales, and in the form that Pourrat presents them they have all the savour that the French countryside can give them. In French editions, Pourrat's folk tales run to three ample volumes, but in A TREASURY OF FRENCH TALES (George Allen and Unwin. 18s.) Mary Mian has made a careful selection which is both representative of the whole and at the same time specially calculated to please English readers. There are over forty stories in this charming book. Some are delightfully simple, such as the "Tale of the Two Neighbours," a variant of the widow's cruse, and the "Tale of a Grain of Wheat," and the illustrations of Pauline Baynes, an artist whose work is so well known to SPHERE readers, have just the right fairy-tale quality.

Ross Salmon was demobilised from war service with the Royal Navy in 1946, and by mid-1947, not being able to settle down to the humdrum existence of suburban living and London office-going, he applied for a job as a ranch assistant in Venezuela. So Ross Salmon lived among the wild Indian cowboys, who rode the 500,000 acres of sandy, acrid soil where the grass grows sparsely and there is many a trap for the unwary in the rivers teeming with alligators, sting rays and electric eels. After a year's training in Venezuela the author was made manager of a ranch in Colombia, with 32 square miles in the middle of the South American jungle under his care. His book JUNGLE COWBOY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) tells the story of this rough, tough life, and it is obvious upon every page how very much the author enjoyed it all.

George and Sheila Cansdale have collaborated in a volume entitled BELINDA THE BUSH BABY (James Barrie. 8s. 6d.), a true story for children, with photographs by the authors of the Bush Baby which they found in West Africa. The photographs were taken by the Cansdales during a recent stay in West Africa.

The 1954 edition of *Whitaker's Almanack* is the largest ever published, and for the first time in its history it contains a section of illustrations, sixteen pages of photographs being devoted to the Coronation and to other notable events of this *annus mirabilis* just past. There are the usual three editions, the complete edition of 1,190 pages with cloth boards being published at 15s. The Library edition, bound in leather and with coloured maps, is 30s. The shorter edition, containing 694 pages, is paper bound and costs 7s. 6d.

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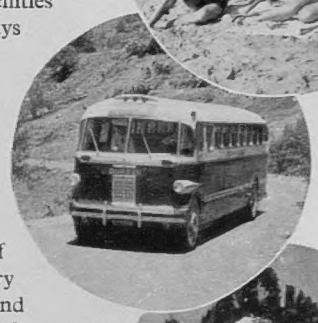

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